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John Garvey
RELIGION & MORALITY

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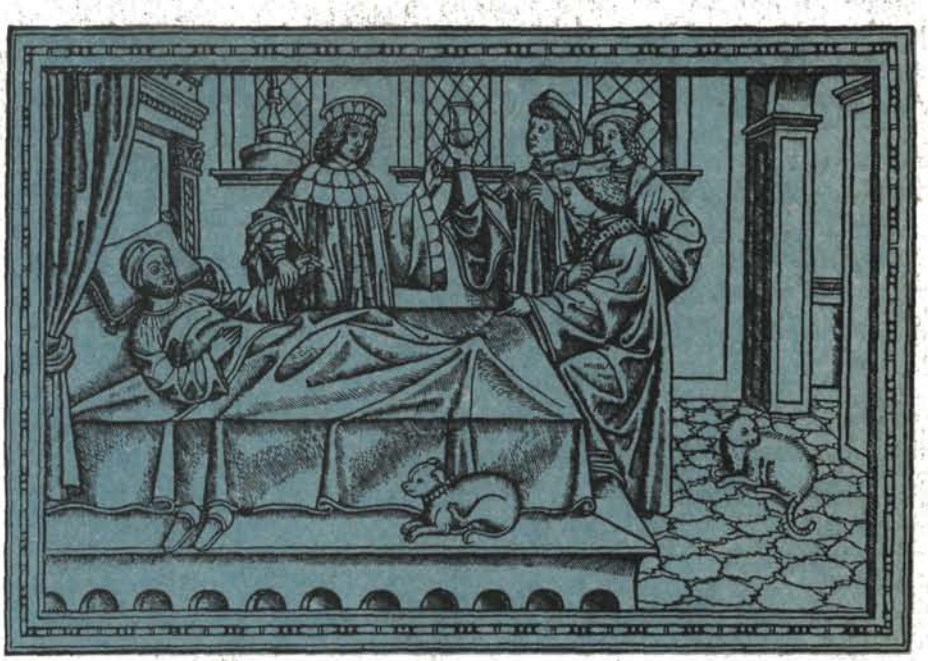

Food & water: an ethical burden

WITHDRAWING ARTIFICIAL NUTRITION
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Correspondence

Soft or hard core

Wausau, Wis.

To the Editors: In "Tolerance Limits" [September 26], John Garvey asks why the dehumanization of pornography "causes so much more of an uproar than the other forms of dehumanization all around us." The insidious dehumanization that occurs all around us is dangerous to our humanity, but pornography involves a much more subtle effect on our potential for human fulfillment.

Erotica is not transformed into the pornographic merely by the process of dehumanization and anonymity as Garvey claims. Rather erotica is transformed into pornography when the connection between sexual intimacy and a love relationship is abrogated. The symbolism used in erotica admits the possibility of this connection. Soft core pornographic symbolism, however, by focusing on the organs of pleasure and regarding the human partner merely as carriers of these organs, excludes this connection. The symbolism used in hard core pornography abrogates this connection by depicting pleasurable sexual fulfillment achieved in ways that actually preclude the possibility of a connection between sex and an equal-valuing relationship. The primary theme of hard core is domination of the partner, whether human or animal. The appeal of child porn lies in the symbolism of childhood trustingness and openness that promises ease of domination. Examination of materials generally classified as erotic, soft, and hard reveals that these are the unconscious criteria commonly used. This usage also conforms to the derivative meanings: erotica deriving from the name of the Greek god of love and pornography deriving from the Greek word for women who sell sex, i.e., use sex for personal gain.

Some sex therapists acknowledge that sexual fulfillment depends on the degree of emotional closeness. Married couples have learned that the bonded oneness of their relationship depends on the degree of emotional closeness they achieve. Yet sex that excludes or precludes an equal-valuing relationship also excludes or precludes the growth of emotional closeness because essential trust is lacking. Pornography, therefore, promises sexual pleasure in a way that not only prevents sexual fulfillment, but also increases the risk of alienation.

The more hung-up a society becomes on the search for sexual fulfillment through sexual pleasuring, the more alienation and frustration within the society, the more prevalent the use of hard core pornography, and the more prevalent violent domination through sex becomes — a self-feeding cycle with each element aggravating the other.

MARILYN KRAMER

Salvadoran ecumenism

Stevens Point, Wis.

To the Editors: Thanks to Jim Chapin for an illuminating article on El Salvador ["The Quagmire of Dependency," August 15]. However, one point in particular needs clarification in order to define correctly which side who is on. I refer to the paragraph on "the newest aspect of American cultural imperialism, evangelical Protestantism" (p. 431). Chapin goes on to talk about the Campus Crusade for Christ's impact in initiating some 250,000 baptisms last year, and the fact that the Protestants in Central America "seem to be consciously positioning themselves as anti-Marxists in support of American policy."

These facts may indeed be true, but please remember that the Lutheran church, which also claims to be both Protestant and evangelical, has had churches in El Salvador for many years. Increasingly its seven thousand members have come under attack from the Salvadoran government for sponsoring a refugee camp. Its leading pastor, Rev. Gomez, was recently appointed bishop, in a ceremony on August 6 that was attended by members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, in a show of remarkable support for what I would consider true, evangelical, and Protestant values.

Having just returned from El Salvador, I would hope *Commonweal* would do a little research on this remarkable joint effort on the part of evangelical Protestants who remain faithful to the spirit of the sixteenth-century Reformation and also are able to join with Roman Catholic *compadres*, heirs of another reformation of liberation in the present century. Some of the quiet, earnest work in El Salvador goes unnoticed, especially when the heirs of nineteenth-century American evangelicalism get going.

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

A deliberate muddle

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Once upon a time one looked to *Commonweal* for the most rigorous commentary in liberal Catholic thought, but those palmy days are evidently gone. Out of all the possible responses to the Supreme Court's recent ruling upholding a Georgia sodomy statute, *Commonweal*'s editors chose to publish David R. Carlin Jr.'s ponderous and downright bizarre endorsement of this aggressively bigoted decision ["Leviathan at Large," September 12]. Frankly, after reading Mr. Carlin's column several times I *still* am not sure what on earth he is arguing. Choosing to fly regally above the key issues of the Hardwick ruling, Mr. Carlin instead treats us to a whirlwind tour of the "theoretical tradition" of Rousseau, Lenin, Mao, and others. Faced with an attack on the civil liberties of a large segment of the American public, Carlin indulges in a long-winded and irrelevant

(Continued on page 639)

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LAME DUCK SOUP

RONALD REAGAN may not look like a lame duck, quack like a lame duck, or walk like a lame duck; but he is a lame duck. An early vote by the 100th Congress in January to re-enact the Clean Water Act of 1986, pocket vetoed by the president two days after the November 4 election, would only underline what the election earlier made clear. "Trust your mother but cut the cards" goes the old saying, and the electorate seems to have finally applied it to Mr. Reagan. It wasn't a vote of no confidence that they cast on November 4 but a vote of distinctly limited confidence. With an energy, if not a message, that demanded respect, the president threw himself into the close congressional races. Except in Idaho, it didn't help. Indeed, in two farm-belt states, Iowa and Kansas, the president was deliberately kept at a distance — and the GOP won governorships.

If Reaganism cannot triumph with Reagan, how can it survive without him? That's obviously what a lot of Republicans are pondering these days, George Bush among them. The New Right, of course, can see the election as a summons to the conservative populism it trumpets. What voters rejected in states hard hit by falling prices for oil, agricultural products, timber, textiles, and other goods was, in this view, the administration's stubborn adherence to laissez faire. Give the people an activist government in economic matters and they'll vote their natural proclivities for anti-Communist nationalism globally and conservative social policies at home. The troubles with this theory are manifold. New Right populism is skin deep on economic issues; its foreign-policy tough talk is both expensive and worrisome to a lot of voters; and its social agenda is by no means popular. Indeed, the New Right standard bearer, Jack Kemp, spent over $2 million merely to keep his House seat (a half million more than the next biggest spender, Joseph Kennedy of Massachusetts) without apparently gaining ground in his pursuit of Vice President Bush. And the national stand-off about deep issues of cultural change was summed up in voters' reactions to local proposals dealing with equal rights for women and with abortion. In Vermont, not even a continuing liberal trend in the electorate, the presence of a strong feminist movement, and the backing of all the major candidates could achieve victory for an equal rights amendment to the state constitution. "If the E.R.A. can't win in Vermont," said one political scientist, "it can't win anywhere." On the other hand, anti-abortion proposals on the ballots in such disparate states as Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Oregon all went down in defeat.

If Reaganism without Reagan, whether of the Bush or the Kemp variety, no longer promises Republicans an assured future, it cannot be said that the Democrats have offered an alternative. Democratic candidates carefully avoided a frontal assault on either the president or the catchphrases of his administration. Instead, they gained ground where weak Republican candidates, carried into office on the 1980 presidential coattails, or by local economic hardship, unremedied or exacer-

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bated by administration inaction, had left GOP flanks exposed.

Some observers have gone so far as to suggest that if Reaganism without Reagan won't work for Republicans, it is working just fine for Democrats. The latter, in other words, have thoroughly acquiesced to the main terms of Reaganism — cutting government "waste"; no tax increases; strong defense; traditional values — and are merely claiming to be able to carry out the program more effectively. This criticism misses the mark. It is infused with a nostalgia for the fierce confrontations of the sixties and seventies, and ignores the extent to which Americans have always given homage to a common set of vague goals, with serious political differences turning on the ranking of such goals and the means to achieve them. Nonetheless, there is one sense in which the Democrats can be fairly charged with practicing their own brand of Reaganism. The president has been the apostle of painlessness. Great things are promised — prosperity, world power, balanced budgets, old-fashioned social stability, even the elimination of nuclear weapons. But the price tag is hidden. The Democrats, having tried a kind of cheerless, scolding honesty with Carter and Mondale, are now playing the same game.

Will they continue to do so, once back in control of both houses of Congress? The conventional observation is that the Democrats lack an "agenda" or a "vision" of their own. The complaint is true but it is also misleading. In the U.S., administrations may have "agendas"; political parties, which remain broad coalitions of often conflicting interests, do not. This is especially true of the Democrats. After the euphoria of the party's comeback, it will quickly be apparent just how tugged between liberal and conservative impulses the party remains. Democratic control of the Senate, with Senator Joseph Biden heading the Judiciary Committee, may rule out appointments to the federal courts of the Daniel Manion variety and to the Supreme Court of the Meese school of selective constructionism. But qualified conservatives will still find support among many Democrats, especially Southerners. Likewise, with Democratic Senator Sam Nunn leading the Armed Forces Committee, the worst excesses of Caspar Weinberger's Pentagon spending will certainly be reined in. But don't count on Democrats to stand united against interventions overseas. Indeed, there is always the danger that a president hemmed in on domestic initiatives will shift his energies to international politics where secrecy and presidential prestige give him wider latitude.

Talk of an alternative Democratic program also dangerously exaggerates the Democrats' power. Mr. Reagan's may now be a lame-duck administration, but it is still the administration. The president is a master at shifting responsibility, and given the possible collapse of Reaganomics (which seem premised on an almost endless extension of an expansion that is already lackluster and will soon approach twice the average duration for the post-war period), the Democrats would be foolish to act as though they were in charge.

Finally, the call for a distinctive Democratic agenda suggests that there is not even now plenty to be done. Just repairing some of the consequences of six years of Reaganism will give the Democrats a full plate—redressing the impact on the poor, containing the deficit, pressing for an intelligent, measured defense policy, encouraging the administration to seize reasonable opportunities for arms control. Perhaps it's best for the Democrats to go about these tasks in a workmanlike, piecemeal way.

The other side of that argument, of course, is that only such a broad agenda or vision can give America the kind of strong sense of purpose that justifies sacrifice. Only a broad agenda or vision can provide the context in which citizens are willing to

A FAN INFLAMED

WITH THE RED SOX IN AUTUMN

I FELT like hell. Only hours after my cousin Edward came through with a coveted ticket to the seventh game of the American League Championship Series, the Red Sox were on the verge of losing the series, four games to one. With two out in the ninth, trailing by a run, our last hope was Dave Henderson.

Strike One!

I lit a candle and murmured the old incantation. *Introibo ad altare diaboli, in nomine Bostoniae fanaticorum.*

He materialized instantly, hardly changed except for the tinted glasses and a shorter hair style. "I thought I might be hearing from you tonight," he chuckled.

"Thank God you've come," I said earnestly.

"Please," he winced, "watch your language, I came because I never forget an old friend."

"What times we had!"

"Great tricks, great times. Even if it doesn't always work out," he added modestly. "Remember the '78 playoff with the Yankees? I was stymied by the mystique of the pinstripes."

"You must have left Boston that year. How could you abandon us?"

"What can I tell you? I got tired of the winters. I had an unusual opportunity in real estate, so I headed for the sunbelt," he said.

"Have you moved to LA?" I asked in dismay.

"What can I tell you, old pal? Life means change. I don't look back. Don't worry, I'm not committed to the California Angels. Most of my pals prefer basketball. Not that any of this would interest *you*, you've changed so much — and not for the better."

"Hey, I'm forty years old," I protested. "The sixties are over. How long can a grown man carry on the way we did?"

"Maybe, but you've really matured badly: married, a

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look at the price tag and pay up. For the time being, however, it will not be the political parties but the presidential candidates who will offer Americans these alternative images of the nation's future. Or maybe the task will be best performed from outside the sphere of everyday politics — by statements, for instance, like the Catholic bishops' pastoral on the economy.

MONEY

One of the losers in the mid-term election was money. Not a big loser; money never is. Still, the lop-sided campaign chests that the Republicans had accumulated did not guarantee victory. Besides noting the incredible sums now involved — the senatorial candidate who spent $600,000 in 1976 would have had to spend $3 million, or five times as much, by 1984, and even more in '86 — one can learn this: (1) huge political war chests may be most effective preemptively, that is, by scaring off otherwise viable opponents; (2) it is necessary for the *party* and not just the individual candidates to have funds available, so money can be shifted to close races in the last weeks; this is a lesson the Democrats have finally learned; (3) there is definitely a law of diminishing returns; above a certain threshold

father of two, a homeowner, a teacher of the liberal humanist tradition. Yuk! Are you a role-model?" He nearly spat the word.

"I didn't invite you here to insult me, I invited you to talk business, and we don't have much time." Dave Henderson took strike two.

"A deal, eh? And what do you have to offer? That shriveled husk of a soul? A few years of role-modeling can't redeem the life you've led. I don't need to barter anything to claim your soul."

"What can I offer?" I asked desperately.

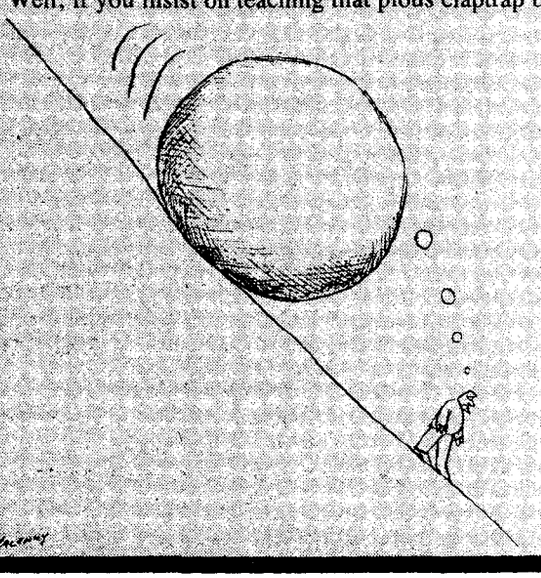
He cast his eyes on the photographs of my daughter. "Cute little devil!" he winked.

"The soul of my precious daughter? Never, you fiend!"

"Forget it, old sport," he said, "I'm only kidding. The rules say you can't sell anybody else's soul without express written consent. But you could do something for me. You could, as it were, ease my way into the souls of your students. Now *that* I might consider a fair exchange. I've recently lost some ground with undergraduates. They're all into non-deviant behavior and cramming for law boards."

"What can I do?" I implored.

"Well, if you insist on teaching that pious claptrap by



John Milton, do it my way! You're much too soft on those old bores in Heaven and insufficiently impressed by my speeches."

"I can change that," I quickly agreed. "Easy! I'll do more on Milton as a member of the devil's party without knowing it, and how we're all surprised by sin."

"That's better," he said. "And when you get to the twentieth century, don't hype that wimp Eliot. He was a better poet before he converted to Christianity. Show the kids how much more exciting Blake and Byron are. Tell them real men don't like Eliot."

"No problem. Do we have a deal?"

"Not quite. It's not just what you teach, it's how you teach. Too much emphasis on form and style and moral discoveries. That's passé."

"What can I do?" I asked, as Henderson stepped out of the box and security guards prepared to ring the stadium for the Angels' celebration.

"I like this critic Derrida," he said. "Read some more of him."

"Oh, please, anything but that!"

"You wanna win tonight?"

"OK, OK," I said. "I'll read Derrida and teach my students that there is no possibility of meaning anything."

"Fine," he nodded his head. "I'll be going, and I believe this game will work out to your satisfaction, even if the other team is called the Angels."

He disappeared. On the TV screen, Dave Henderson took a sweeping swing, knocking the ball over the wall for a two-run homer. He danced around the bases, I jumped around the room, and from the nether regions I heard a distant voice. "Remember me."

* * *

Too late I remembered, "When you sup with the devil, use a long spoon."

Amid that long, dark night after the Red Sox had thrown away the World Series, I realized he had kept his bargain — and retained the right to torment me in this world as well as the next.

ROBERT H. BELL

(Robert H. Bell teaches English at Williams College, airs his humor on National Public Radio, and is a frequent contributor to Commonweal.*)*

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needed to purchase TV time and sophisticated polling, a threshold many Democrats managed to reach, more is better but not much better.

Indeed, big spending appears to have been unrewarding enough to lend new life to reform proposals, like limits on TV ads, PAC contributions, and overall spending. Even the lobbyists who manage PACs are grumbling that they're being taken for a ride. Someone should put together the problems of big spending and low voter turnout, plus the success at the polls of state lottery schemes. How about requiring that half of all contributions go into a lottery jackpot, for which everyone who votes will be eligible? Well, it's an idea.

TANGO ARGENTINA

One million Argentines have obtained divorces in Uruguay because divorce is not legal in the infant democracy of Argentina. Not yet. But a bill with wide public support (70 percent in one poll) has been proposed that would permit divorce, although only after a couple has been legally separated for one to three years. That bill, which may still reach the Senate floor next year, is now stalled in Congress, thanks to the misplaced influence of the Argentine Catholic bishops.

In Argentina, according to the bishops, it is the "duty" of Catholic congressmen to uphold the civil ban on divorce. Deputies in the lower house who voted for the bill last August (176 to 36) are said to have failed in "their duty as Catholics," and are now liable to have Communion denied them unless they make a "public retraction of the *sin*."

Granted, there may be exceptional issues which merit the heavy hand of the hierarchy in direct intervention with politicians: the excommunication of those who supported Hitler (unfortunately lifted as he approached power) comes to mind. But is withholding the Eucharist from congressmen the proper way for the church to exert moral leadership in a democracy? And is divorce the primary issue? What about the Catholic "duty" to oppose the abusive ruling minorities of Latin America? Who withheld Communion from the torturous Argentine juntas of yesterday? Who denies it to the brutal Pinochet next door? More than Argentine Catholics want to know.

American Catholics may look on the action of Argentina's bishops with outrage or resignation: it all smacks of a church that Vatican II was supposed to transform. But given the sharp conflicts among U.S. Catholics over abortion and other moral-political issues, the kind of questions posed by the Argentinian action will continue to be raised here. By now, we should have learned the answers.

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

A DANGEROUS EQUATION

CHRISTIANITY & MORALITY

BLAKE once wrote that if Christianity is morality, then Socrates is the savior. The point is essential, but for many Christians — not only politicians aiming at re-election and people who want to prove their morality to their neighbors — the idea that Christianity is *not* primarily about morality would be baffling. Your average secular dismisser of religion speaks easily about religion as a means of social control. Your average right-wing Christian tends to agree with this simple-minded nonsense, in practice and even at times in theory: how are you going to keep them down on the farm (and away from the sheep) unless you threaten them with hell, or, worse, law? There is no denying that religion has been used as a form of social control. So has politics; so have power and influence within political systems; so has the denial of tenure in universities. A set of connections between Christianity, morality, and law can be found on the left-wing side of church politics as well.

There is a stream of connections between religion and morality, and I don't want to make too little of it. But making too little of it really isn't our problem these days, when people who are against pornography and nuclear war and racism in South Africa and abortion all claim some religious sanction for their various points of view. All are right, to a very important extent. I am against all of the above; I am also unsure in many cases about what the varieties of law available in the United States ought to do about any of this array of problems, and I think, finally, that what we think of as religion and what we think of as morality have relatively little to do with one another.

What worries me here is the capacity we all have for astonishing depths of self-deception. There may be some very rare people who believe themselves to be sincerely duplicitous and hypocritical, but I haven't met them. I don't know many people who believe themselves to be anything other than absolutely right on any point which matters deeply to them. Our attachment to our ideas fills emotional needs which often have nothing to do with the ideas themselves, and we are in danger when we deny this. This is especially true of ideas involving morality, and in our times morality and politics, or morality and law, are frequently intertwined.

It is easy to see why morality, including social morality, matters so much to us. When we speak of the way people should or should not behave, at the personal or the social level, we are speaking of what we think matters most in human life. And where some absolutely conflicting views are concerned, both parties cannot be right — one must be right, and the other wrong, with regard to such im-

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portant questions as whether abortion is a reasonable and acceptable form of birth control, or whether the state should be allowed to kill criminals. Those who oppose apartheid are correct to do so, and those who believe, however sincerely, that racism is reasonable are wrong. Christianity does address many moral issues, has something to say about them, and we must not ignore it. But there is something infinitely more to Christianity than this.

It has been pointed out by a number of writers that Christianity sheds light on such subjects but has no specific political agenda; good people may disagree on best courses to achieve desired ends. What I want to suggest is that even those desired ends are not Christianity's highest vocation. A world where peace and racial justice reign is a desirable human goal, but it is not the point of Christianity.

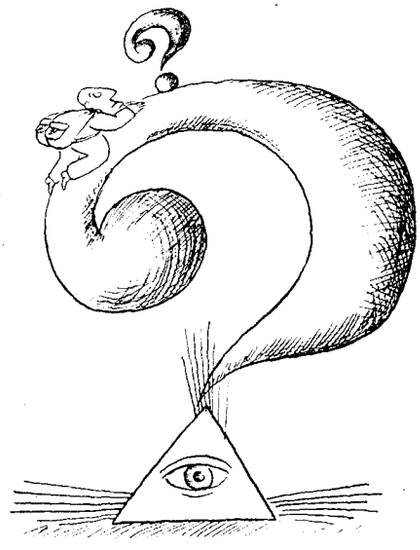
The Jews whose country the Romans occupied had an obvious moral grievance, and anyone with decent democratic instincts would probably be inclined to side more with the zealots than with the tax collectors who supported the Roman cause by bringing income to the oppressors. But Jesus apparently included among his followers people who were associated with both factions, Simon the Zealot, and Matthew, a tax collector. The radical change of heart which Jesus called for, the *turning around* which repentance is, had to do with something much more profound than the question of who was right or wrong, politically.

One implication of this is that we are concerned with the wrong questions when we worry about who has the power, or who among those who seek power — even for the best reasons — is right or wrong. We are like people in a dream who have to choose between the green shoe and the orange monkey, a choice which makes wonderful sense in a dream and may even have a compelling logic there, but which, in the light of something we cannot now see (because we are not awake), is deluded.

Our justice is not God's. When the Gospels speak of a mercy which falls on the just and the unjust alike, they do not refer to a form of justice or righteousness which we instinctively want to share. It is vital that we understand how little even our best instincts and moral passions have to do with God's love for us.

In the past I believed that nonviolence was essential to Christianity. I think now that I was wrong. I do believe deeply that nonviolence makes excellent human sense, and is ethically correct, and, in the sense that the love of enemies which the Gospel demands of us prejudices us towards nonviolence, it has to do with the Gospel tangentially. I can, however, envision a man, truly repentant, deeply Christian, who without hating his enemies would feel morally compelled to join the resistance to Hitler, despite the fact that this might involve killing. When Nigerian planes strafed starving Biafran refugees who were lined up for food, I felt deeply that if it were possible to shoot the planes out of the sky, that would be preferable to allowing the slaughter of the innocent. I may be wrong, in the light of eternity; I don't know. I thought I did know, once. The Gospel direction on this is not as clear as I once thought: Jesus speaks of the love of enemies and the need to lay aside swords at one point, and speaks of the need for swords at another.

There are moving examples of a connection between politics and morality in the Philippines' overthrow of Marcos, and in Poland's Solidarity movement. Nothing in our time is more full of hope than these two things, but when we see their accomplishment somehow as the highest end of religion, we are in danger of moving towards a new form of the church Dostoyevski warns us against in "The Grand Inquisitor." Jesus' own apparent indifference to the most important social justice questions of his age ought to matter to us. It doesn't give any comfort to supporters or opponents of the status quo. The implication is that our questions, our directions, are wrong. Our major problems have so much to do with our hearts — not ours collectively, but yours, and mine — that political questions can be a luxury and distraction for us. If it were possible to abolish all weapons from the face of the earth, relieve poverty, abolish racism in all of its forms, educate the ignorant, and end the most crippling illnesses, all of the truly important questions would remain. It would be possible to be unloving in such a world; despair would still be real, and it would be possible to be damned. The world's deepest problems can't be answered politically, but in a sense only monastically.



It may be that this is what leads some conservatives to question the propriety of such things as the Catholic bishops' letters on nuclear arms and the economy. Some of them, of course, simply disagree with what they see as a liberal slant, and would probably applaud if the bishops ringingly endorsed capitalism and nuclear defense. Others, though, may sense a hunger in people which the churches and synagogues sometimes seem as unconcerned with as the surrounding secular culture.

This is not a call for quietism. I am willing to take and support political action, as long as it aims at nonviolence and is informed by compassion. I don't think, though, that we should call this involvement a Christian thing, or mistake it for the goal of Christianity. It could be that Christian politics is like Christian nutrition or Christian proctology, a concept which we ought to avoid. We can change our politics and morality, given sufficient will, self-discipline, and conviction. The transformation we really need is more radical than that, and it is beyond anything we can accomplish by ourselves. That may be what makes morality and politics so appealing.

JOHN GARVEY

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Food & water: an ethical burden

JAMES J. WALTER

THE SCENE is not all that unusual today. We hear about it on the television or read about the court cases in our morning newspapers. There is the gathering around the bedside of a patient in a modern hospital by the physician and family. The dreaded diagnosis is uttered in a hushed voice by the physician: "persistent vegetative state." The family members look to the physician for any glimmer of hope for the loved one and then ask what can be done. Though the prognosis for recovery to consciousness is dim or maybe even non-existent, the medical training, conviction, and moral sensibilities of the physician, along with the legal implications, seem to warrant providing food and water to the patient artificially through a gastrostomy tube in order to sustain physical life. Uneasy with even asking the question, the family members turn to one another and debate whether providing nutrition and hydration is what the loved one would have wanted in this situation.

Though this scenario is fabricated, it all too often reflects the heart-wrenching facts of real life. The celebrated court cases of incompetent patients in a persistent vegetative state (PVS) like Claire Conroy in New Jersey, Clarence Herbert in California, and Paul Brophy in Massachusetts well illustrate the complex issues that frequently drive a wedge between our hearts and heads. On the one hand, our moral sensibilities seem minimally to require of us that we offer food and water to those who are defenseless and in need of the basic nutritional elements for physical existence. On the other hand, our heads inquire whether the provision of such nutrition and water is not in the end useless or even burdensome for the patient in this condition. As such, we might reasonably conclude that family members can justifiably refuse or can withdraw nutrition and hydration from their loved ones. The conflict can become so intense that fair-minded people will line up on one side of the issue or the other and marshal the evidence and argument available to support the desired conclusion.

To imply that this intensely debated issue can be reduced to a split between our hearts and heads is, of course, too simple, albeit enticing. A closer look at the Paul Brophy case might prove helpful in sorting out two of the many issues that are at stake in the debate. Many believe that we have gone far beyond the Quinlan-type cases where the withdrawal of a respirator was at issue, and we stand now at the edge of the slippery slope toward euthanasia by allowing "quality of life" judgments on patients' lives.

In March 1983, Paul Brophy, a forty-eight-year-old Easton, Massachusetts, firefighter and emergency medical technician, suffered a massive brain damage as a result of a ruptured aneurysm. He did regain consciousness and then waited several weeks before undergoing a craniotomy. Mr. Brophy never regained consciousness subsequent to the operation. He was transferred to the New England Sinai Hospital in Stoughton, Massachusetts, but in October 1983 his wife authorized transfer of her husband to an acute care hospital where a gastrostomy tube was inserted so that Mr. Brophy could be provided nutrition and hydration. After the surgical insertion of the G-tube, Mr. Brophy was transferred back to Sinai Hospital. But when Mrs. Brophy later requested that the G-tube be removed from her husband, the physicians, nurses, and hospital administrators refused the requests of Mrs. Brophy for more than a year. Finally, she asked a court to authorize the discontinuation of all medical treatments, including nutrition and hydration through the G-tube.

At the original trial in May 1985, substantial evidence was presented that on several occasions Mr. Brophy had indicated while competent that he would have desired the artificial feedings stopped. The trial judge refused to accept this "substituted judgment" and ordered the G-tube to remain in place. Though the judge indicated he might have granted a request to have something as sophisticated as a respirator removed, he believed that a technology as simple as a gastrostomy tube, once inserted surgically, was not invasive and that denying a

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patient food and water would inevitably in each and every instance guarantee and cause the death of a patient.

The Brophy family appealed the judge's ruling to a higher court. In September 1986, the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ruled that Mr. Brophy's G-tube was indeed a medical treatment and that as such, the patient had the right to refuse it. The court here applied the standard of "substituted judgment" to the case, agreeing that if he were able to speak, Mr. Brophy would have rejected the tube-feedings, and that in his stead his family had the right to enact his wishes. The case was immediately appealed to the United States Supreme Court, but the Supreme Court refused to consider it. In October, Paul Brophy was transferred to a different hospital where, eight days after feeding had been discontinued, he died of pneumonia.

Estimates are that on any given day in the U.S. there are approximately 10,000 patients who are in a similar condition to that of a Mr. Brophy. In his case alone, the monthly cost to Blue Cross was in excess of $13,400. According to accepted medical standards, PVS patients are not dead, nor are they necessarily in the dying phase. In other words, these patients can remain in their medical state for years or even decades. Expert testimony given before the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research (1983) indicated that if a prognosis of permanent unconsciousness is correct, then all pain and suffering are absent, as are joy, satisfaction, and pleasure. "Disability is total and no return to an even minimal level of social or human functioning is possible" (p. 182). Mistaken prognoses are possible, but normally physicians arrive at these conclusions only after patients have received vigorous medical attention, careful observation, and complete diagnostic studies over a long period of time. Even if the physician's prognosis is inaccurate and a patient who has been maintained on some form of artificial feeding for a long period of time regains consciousness, one must still confront the likelihood of permanent disability which will accrue to the patient (paralysis, inability to see or speak, etc.).

IN OCTOBER 1985, the Pontifical Academy of Sciences in Rome issued a report stating that "If the patient is in a permanent, irreversible coma, as far as can be foreseen, treatment is not required, but all care should be lavished on him [or her], *including feeding*" (emphasis added). This report, backed by twenty doctors and scientists, is at some variance with the opinion authored by a seven-member American Medical Association Council on Ethical and Judicial Affairs in March 1986. The AMA opinion applies to cases in which a patient in an irreversible coma has expressed beforehand a wish not to be kept alive through artificial feeding, or when the family of such a patient decides to withdraw care. The statement does not recommend withdrawal of feeding tubes in these cases, but it states that it is not unethical when the patient or family has expressed such a wish and there are no local laws against withdrawal.

What should one make of the disagreement between these two authorities who are searching for a policy concerning the care of PVS patients? Though the issues at stake in such cases as the Brophy legal case and the disagreement between the two medical authorities are broader than I can treat here, I would like to isolate two major nodal points in the discussion: First, is the refusal/withdrawal of nutrition and hydration from these patients any different morally from the refusal/withdrawal of other medical treatments (e.g., a respirator)? And second, is the evaluation of burdensomeness that might justify the refusal/withdrawal of a treatment limited only to the burden of the *treatment itself* or can the burdensomeness of the *life preserved* by the treatment also count in the judgment to refuse/withdraw?

The answer to the first question will require some attention to the symbolic and moral meanings of artificially giving food and water. An answer to the second turns on the issue of "quality of life" judgments. Both questions require us to search for the proper place to focus our attention in the clinical setting while establishing the criteria upon which to form and evaluate moral judgments. By using the Brophy case, I will illustrate some points of disagreement between Catholic ethicists on the two questions, and then I will briefly offer my own evaluation.

Many who hold that there is a real moral distinction between the refusal/withdrawal of food and fluids and the refusals of medical technologies focus their attention on either the symbolic or moral meaning of giving nutrition/hydration in itself. For example, Daniel Callahan of the Hastings Center has argued that the providing of nutrients is "the perfect symbol of the fact that human life is inescapably social and communal." He believes that a well-ordered moral life requires proper feelings and sentiments, and one of these sentiments is surely the "necessary social instinct" to feed others when they need it. Callahan reasons that since feeding the hungry is the most fundamental of all human relationships, then to starve a person to death would be to destroy, or at least seriously to erode, one of the most basic "moral emotions" appropriate to human beings. Here Callahan casts his vote to follow our moral sentiments, which are symbolized in actions toward others in need, rather than to follow what "a more straitened rationality would call for."

Patrick Derr, an associate professor of philosophy at Clark University who was called to give expert testimony in the Brophy case, also has focused on the meaning of food and water in distinguishing these from other medical technologies. Though he offered several reasons to support his distinction in the Brophy case, two of them in particular focus directly on the meaning of food/water. First, the denial of food and fluids is biologically "final" in a way that the denial of medical or surgical therapy is not. For example, Karen Quinlan confounded all the expert medical opinion by surviving the withdrawal of artificial respiratory support, but she surely would have died had food/water been withdrawn. Second, food and fluids are universal biological needs, whereas modern medical and surgical therapies are not. Derr argues that no human being can survive without nutrition and water, and death is the

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universal consequence of their denial. However, he maintains that medical and surgical therapies are not universally needed, since "almost every human being can and does survive quite nicely without renal dialysis, artificial respiratory support, antibiotic medicines, or any of the other armamentaria of modern medicine." Derr's conclusion, then, was that Mr. Brophy had to continue to be provided the nutrients through the gastrostomy tube.

ANOTHER way to state the case for a moral difference between the withdrawal of food/water and the withdrawal of medical therapies is to turn to the traditional Catholic distinction between ordinary and extraordinary means. This honored distinction goes back at least as far as the seventeenth century, and it has been used by theologians and recent popes to determine the moral duty to preserve life. Because life is not the highest good, it need not be preserved under all conditions. Thus according to the distinction, one is morally obliged to use ordinary means to preserve life but would not be obliged to use extraordinary means. How one distinguishes between "ordinary" and "extraordinary," however, has not always been so clear. Without going into all the problems with this distinction, I would argue that *how* one defines these two terms has much to do with *where* one focuses attention in the clinical environment.

Rev. John Connery, S.J., a moral theologian who also provided expert testimony in the Brophy case, has argued for several years that health-care providers have a moral obligation to provide food/water to PVS patients. The basis of his argument is that food/water are "ordinary" means, and everyone is morally obligated to preserve life with such measures. Fr. Connery arrives at this conclusion, I think, because he focuses, like Callahan, Derr, the scientists of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, and the original trial judge in the Brophy case, on the means (food/water) themselves, apart from the patient who is the recipient of the nutrients.

Connery is aware that the distinction between ordinary and extraordinary means was originally based on the assessment of benefits and burdens to the patient, but he maintains such an assessment deals with different issues. He argues that the question of benefit seems limited largely to terminal cases, whereas the question of burden can be an issue even in cases which are not terminal. To avoid "quality of life" judgments on PVS patients' lives, though, Connery permits only the assessment of benefits of giving food/water to count in the decision-making. He had proposed that since nutrition and hydration conferred benefits on Mr. Brophy because they kept him alive, albeit without conscious life, the provision of this care was "ordinary" and thus morally mandatory. But if one focuses on the condition of the patient, and not on the symbolic or moral meaning of providing food/water in isolation from the patient, then one can reasonably ask how the preserving of what is in all probability only physical life could be a benefit for someone in Mr. Brophy's condition.

An increasing number of Catholic ethicists who tend not to see any moral difference between the refusal/withdrawal of food/water and that of medical or surgical therapies focus their attention in the medical setting on the patient. By becoming patient-centered, theologians like Rev. John Paris, S.J., another expert who testified in the Brophy case, have argued that the original trial judge violated Mr. Brophy's stated desires not to be treated in such a condition. Here Paris and others would give moral weight to a once-competent patient's wishes to refuse treatment (patient autonomy). Additionally, theologians like Rev. Richard A. McCormick, S.J. (University of Notre Dame) and Rev. Dennis Brodeur (director of health care ethics for the Sisters of St. Mary) have argued that it is not the category of disease or the kind of therapy that makes a certain medical intervention morally obligatory. Following the criterion outlined in the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of Faith's *Declaration on Euthanasia* (1980), these Catholic ethicists have argued that it is the proportionality or disproportionality of benefits and burdens *to the patient* which makes any medical treatment, including the provision of food/water, obligatory or optional.

In the Brophy case, as in the Conroy and Herbert cases, theologians, medical specialists (e.g., Joanne Lynn, M.D.), and health-law experts (e.g., George J. Annas, J.D.) have argued that a patient-centered approach which focuses on the disproportionality of benefits or burdens to Paul Brophy would not require health-care givers to provide nutrition and hydration. Because a Paul Brophy would not have regained consciousness, in all probability, the "benefits" of providing nutrition would have been disproportionate to the kind of life (mere physical existence) that would have accrued to him as a result of the nutrition. In other words, such means were useless ("extraordinary") with respect to ameliorating Mr. Brophy's general medical condition, much less with restoring him to a state of health. As such, these ethicists, like the President's Commission and the AMA, would consider the withdrawal of nutrients as permissible, though not morally required.

THIS brings us to the second issue, namely, whether the burdensomeness of the life preserved by the offering of food/water can be part of the overall assessment of burden. More specifically, we are inquiring about the legitimacy of "quality of life" judgments. Again, this issue is controlled, at least in part, by where one focuses attention in the clinical environment — on the artificial means of providing nutrition, or on the patient and his/her ability to realize life's values.

The trial judge in the Brophy case argued that, though the creation of the stoma (surgical opening) for placement of the G-tube was in fact "an intrusive and invasive surgical procedure" (and thus burdensome), once it was in place the tube could be considered "neither uncomfortable nor painful" (not burdensome). Thus, by focusing attention *on the G-tube itself after it was in place,* the judge seemed to deny any assessment of a quality of life judgment for Mr. Brophy.

Fr. Connery has been a frequent spokesperson against the legitimacy of "quality of life" judgments. In his view, the principle underlying these judgments is that the duty to preserve life is based on some arbitrary standard. If the person

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does not meet the standard, then the life is not considered worth living or preserving. Here I think Connery also focuses primarily on the nature of the means needed to preserve life in his distinction between ordinary and extraordinary measures. For him, the assessment of burden must be confined to the nature of means used, and since the provision of nutrition and hydration is not burdensome treatment, it must be considered "ordinary" and thus morally mandatory. Connery would conclude, then, that any assessment of Mr. Brophy's quality of life in a persistent vegetative state would go far beyond what the Catholic distinction between ordinary and extraordinary means would allow.

Fr. McCormick and other Catholic ethicists disagree with Connery's interpretation of the distinction between ordinary and extraordinary means. They argue that an assessment of the burden of the life preserved was always part of what the tradition meant by the distinction, and thus they deny that "benefit" and "burden" apply to different cases. For example, the burden that would follow the amputation of all four limbs can be used in deciding whether the surgery is obligatory. In fact, then, "benefits" and "burdens" can coincide in some clinical situations. Furthermore, these ethicists disagree that "quality of life" judgments are based on some arbitrary standard that the patient must meet. They concede that if "quality of life" stands for a certain norm or criterion which states that a person's life is not worth anything unless that life is able to function at an arbitrary level, the usefulness of the criterion in moral decision-making is indeed improper. Persons do not derive worth or meaning merely from what they do or accomplish.

"Quality of life" as a criterion in moral decision-making can in fact be linked to, rather than opposed to, the "sanctity of life" issue. It is possible to interpret the criterion as a way of explaining the relationship between a patient's biological condition and his or her ability to pursue life's goals and purposes. What is at stake, then, is precisely the "quality" of a person's life as it affects his or her ability to pursue and attain values beyond biological existence. When one focuses on the patient and begins to assess the burdensomeness of a life devoid of pursuing life's temporal goals, one recognizes that medicine has reached its limit in bringing this patient to any level of health and wholeness. Far from being arbitrary, these judgments, made with a great deal of fear and trembling, are objective assessments of not only the limits of our abilities to heal, but also of our limits to control the time of a person's death.

I HAVE looked at only two of the issues involved in establishing a public policy on PVS patients. Other questions are at stake in the discussion: how much moral weight do we give the sensitivities of the family and/or health-care givers who refuse to withdraw nutrition and hydration? If we allow "quality of life" judgments, how and where do we draw the line to prevent ourselves from slipping down the slope into the euthanasia of severely handicapped patients who are conscious? Does justice require us to limit the allocation of resources to these patients, etc.? We cannot assume that easy answers to these questions exist. However, we can assume that thoughtful people will continue to disagree. The latter assumption is by no means a plea for moral relativism in public policy, but rather it is a realization that moral argument is controlled in part by one's decision to focus on and interpret one set of factors as central.

On the two issues under discussion at least, I side with those who see no necessary moral distinction between the refusal or withdrawal of nutrients and the refusal/withdrawal of various medical technologies (e.g., a respirator). Also, I agree that quality of life judgments are not only permissible but necessary in the assessment of benefits and burdens to the patient. Perhaps one brief argument can serve to summarize my position. Though I admit some validity to Callahan's implication that certain actions not only aim at goals but express values (symbols of care and compassion), I remain unconvinced that offering nutrition to PVS patients can in fact convey or mediate the bonds of communal sharing and concern to them. Because of the *condition* of Paul Brophy, and thus because of the probable lack of *his ability* to experience hunger or thirst, I do not see how the symbol of "offering food to the hungry" could have mediated anything *to Brophy,* though I surely do not deny that such actions might convey important meanings *to those who stand* at the bedside of PVS patients and care for them. But that is precisely what has been central to the two issues to begin with, namely, where do we focus our analysis and on whom? The split, then, is maybe not so much between our hearts and heads as between the two focal points of our attention in the clinical environment.

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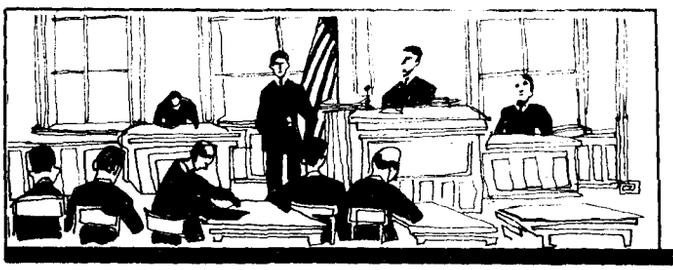
A LAWYER LOOKS AT CHURCH, LAW, & MEDICAL POLICY



Defining sacred bonds

T. PATRICK HILL

FROM the moment in 1975 when Joseph Quinlan walked into the Morris County Legal Aid Office (New Jersey) to seek the legal guardianship of his daughter, Karen, all those involved, including attorney Paul W. Armstrong, had a sense that they were participating in something much larger than themselves. As Armstrong expresses it, "We came to know that a higher hand was directing the affairs of what later came to be known as *In the Matter of Karen Ann Quinlan*, a legal landmark of both national and international significance."

The plight of Karen Ann Quinlan dramatized how far medical technology had outstripped the law and social policy, and pointed out the critical need to close that gap. The implications of the use or non-use of medical technology continue to unfold before us in almost geometric proportions as health care, at the start of life, reaches into a mother's uterus to withdraw a fetus, treat it, and then restore it to proceed naturally to term; and at the end of life, sustains almost indefinitely those who are in the final stages of terminal illness.

This state of affairs presents a fundamental question: While we can do all of this, ought we to do it? For Paul Armstrong it is no slight matter that the secular resolution of Quinlan's dilemma, in which he played such a key role, was rooted in the teachings of the Catholic church. T.P.H.

HILL: As an attorney, you were identified closely with the Karen Ann Quinlan case of 1976. Since then you have been involved in similar cases, most recently that of Nancy Ellen Jobes. What is the significance of these cases, in particular, the Quinlan case?

ARMSTRONG: Historically, Quinlan was the first case to present to an American court issues concerning the use or non-use of certain forms of medical treatment at the end of life. Of course, physicians had been making decisions of this kind as a matter of course long before Quinlan. But as is often the way, the law had taken time to catch up with certain technical innovations in medical care, such as artificial respirators or naso-gastric feeding tubes. The plight of Karen Ann Quinlan presented for examination the rights and obligations of patient, family, and care-giver in this critical area. Newspaper headlines tended to portray her case in terms of a right-to-die. But it should be remembered that American law does not recognize any such right. What the Quinlan case made clear, however, is that the law does recognize the right of each of us to make fundamental decisions for ourselves about medical treatment while we are dying, and, if we are unable, allows those closest to us to do so. As a legal precedent, the Quinlan decision parsed out — delineated the subjects, the verbs, the modifiers — for society as a whole what had hitherto been decisions confined to the privacy of a physician's relationship with patients, their families, and hospitals.

HILL: Like the Quinlans, you are a Catholic. What role, if any, did Catholic ethical teaching play throughout your handling of the case?

ARMSTRONG: In order to prepare for what was a voyage through uncharted waters, I consulted theologians like Richard McCormick, S.J., John Connery, S.J., and John Paris, S.J. to gain a more technical understanding of the church's teachings. By the way, while these voices may have been united then, further cases have posed additional questions to the court so that the rich diversity of the teachings of the church is now manifest in the differing opinions of these same theologians. A number of concepts proved critical, particularly in light of the eventual decision of the court. The first is the sacredness of each human life. A second is stewardship and the understanding that since life is not unlimited, there is an obligation incumbent on each of us to steward his or her own body, especially where medical treatment is concerned. A third is the distinction between ordinary and extraordinary means of medical care, the use or non-use of which can be justified by means of a calculus of resulting benefits and burdens. From this cam the working principle that one is not morally obliged to use medically appropriate form of treatment if that treatment offe no hope of cure but merely prolongs the process of dying. As i turned out, these concepts constituted the foundation upon which the New Jersey Supreme Court based its ruling in the Quinlan case. That ruling clearly underscores the degree to which a secular, pluralistic society now leans upon the teachings of the Catholic church in this matter.

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HILL: Were there any church leaders who contributed to this outcome?

ARMSTRONG: Two come to mind immediately. You may recall that one of the most central, if not dispositive, witnesses during the trial was Monsignor Thomas J. Trapasso, the Quinlans' pastor, who advanced the teachings of Pope Pius XII as they related to medical treatment at the end of life. No less significant was the statement submitted by Bishop Lawrence B. Casey, Bishop of Paterson (N.J.), to clarify the church's position and to endorse the moral correctness of the Quinlans' request to take Karen off the cardio-respiratory mechanism. The statement served also to clarify what the bishop saw as the overriding issue in the Quinlan case. Namely, the distinction in law and practice between the "non-obligation to use extraordinary means of treatment in cases that are determined by competent medical authority to be hopeless, and euthanasia." It is not surprising then to see the details of Bishop Casey's intervention woven into the fiber of the court's final decision.

HILL: One of the outcomes of the Quinlan case has been to place the entire American legal apparatus — courts, judges, and lawyers — in the center of similar cases such as those of Paul Brophy in Massachusetts, Nancy Ellen Jobes and Kathleen Farrell in New Jersey. Is this a good development?

ARMSTRONG: I think not. The courts themselves acknowledge that they ought not to be so placed, aware probably that courts elsewhere in the world do not play such a central role. But it seems to be peculiar to America that the things Americans hold most sacred eventually, for good or ill, find themselves under court scrutiny. Issues like busing, segregation, and abortion are good examples of the judicial procedure, a uniquely American way of resolving some of society's most complicated social policies.

HILL: In specific terms, what have the courts accomplished in these so-called right-to-die cases?

ARMSTRONG: Without exception, the courts have been the first to recognize that the sacred bond between physician, patient, family, and hospital is the most suitable means by which to make these difficult and fundamentally private decisions. The cumulative effect of court intervention has been to weigh the competing positions and establish procedures which will insulate the traditional physician-patient relationship so that decisions can be made without the danger of criminal or civil ability. You must remember that in America, unlike sewhere in the civilized world, health care decisions are ade always with the possibility of liability. As a result, ecisions are frequently made to diminish the threat of liability ather than to serve the best interests of the patient. These are the circumstances that necessitate bringing cases like Quinlan, Brophy, and Jobes to court. But as a result of the court decisions in each of these cases, physicians, patients, their families, and hospitals are now able to reach sound medical and ethical decisions without recourse to the courts.

HILL: In a recent case — *In the Matter of Beverly Requena* — the court ruled against a Catholic hospital that threatened to eject a patient in the last stages of amiotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) because she refused food and hydration administered by a naso-gastric tube. New Jersey Superior Court Justice Reginald Stanton chided the hospital's tendency to find a "pro-life versus anti-life" issue where none exists. How significant is this observation?

ARMSTRONG: It should be of particular significance to the leadership of the Catholic church in America, which has allowed the so-called "pro-life" movement — including those who regard artificially provided nutrition and hydration as ordinary means, required and not optional — to present itself wrapped in the flag of Catholic orthodoxy. I would take this opportunity to challenge the National Conference of Catholic Bishops to make plain, not only to Catholics but also to the American public, what are the medical options for treatment and non-treatment at the end of life which are morally available according to the teachings of the church. I believe it does an immeasurable disservice to possess possibly the richest body of teaching in this area and refuse, of design, to share it forthrightly with a society sorely in need of authoritative guidance, directly in the medical-ethical arena, indirectly in the arena of public policy.

HILL: How do you explain the bishops' approach in this regard?

ARMSTRONG: It appears to originate in the understanding that, in a pluralistic society, when questions about the beginning and the end of life are posed before an American court, it is better not to participate — not to forthrightly spell out the range of moral options available to Catholic families — for fear of contributing to the diminution, in the secular view, of the sacredness of life. But nothing could be more shortsighted than to withhold from one of the chief institutions, namely the courts, entrusted by society with the responsibility of advancing the sacred autonomy of human life, a significant means to fulfill that responsibility. It cannot be forgotten, however, that along with modern medical science and technology have come complicated ethical dilemmas. These dilemmas are now before the American public. We have had a President's Commission Report on these same dilemmas. I see nothing but good coming from a bishops' pastoral, for instance, similar in scope to their peace pastoral, on medical ethics. The significant point here is that every secular body that has wrestled with these problems, sooner or later looks to the Quinlan decision which in essence was shaped by the teachings of the Catholic church.

HILL: Do you detect any parallels between the present approach of the bishops and the one adopted at the time of the abortion debate?

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ARMSTRONG: The prevailing view of the legal experts advising the bishops during the abortion debate was to avoid participation — i.e., testimony, evidence, as *amicus curiae* — in the American courts. For following that advice, the bishops have paid a price in many ways. The most obvious was the United States Supreme Court decision in 1973 adopting the abortion decision. The question that must be posed by the Catholic community in America is whether the decision not to participate that prevailed in 1973 should, as a matter of policy consciously chosen by the bishops, continue to prevail in the face of today's medical-ethical problems?

HILL: You seem to suggest that the abortion debate was a missed opportunity for the Catholic bishops which threatens to compound itself if they continue to neglect society's present debate over the so-called right-to-die issue? Can you elaborate?

ARMSTRONG: Today we are able to talk about the constitutional rights of privacy because, oddly enough, they found their first and foremost expression in the abortion decision. What is sacred to American society is the concept of making decisions privately and according those decisions the highest protection under constitutional law. (It is important to note that the right of privacy is not unlimited and that a vigorous argument for the moral limitation of the exercise of that right would have contributed greatly *at the time of* the 1973 abortion debate.) Unfortunately, the nature of the abortion decision has, since 1973, clouded the issue of appropriate medical treatment or non-treatment at the end of life for those who are , or choose to be, less discerning about the clear difference between the two.

We understand the disparity between Catholic teaching on the beginning of life and American law relating to abortion. But the same constitutional principle of privacy seems eminently sound, at least in the main, when it allows individuals to make critical decisions about treatment at the end of life, without interference from medical care-givers who feel that a patient is dishonoring some moral prescription. Without that principle, the awful plight of Karen Quinlan, Nancy Jobes, and countless others would remain legally unresolved. Without this right of privacy, citizens, who so preferred, might not be able to decline abortion were it ever proposed as a social necessity. The question is, do you sacrifice a constitutional principle at any cost? If you do, the consequences may be worse than anything for which you made that sacrifice.

You may recall that a Catholic theologian, John Paris, S.J., testified in the Quinlan case. He is one of several courageous theologians willing to enunciate the teachings of the Catholic church in the press and pull of, and under direct and cross examination in, a legal trial. In all the cases with which I am familiar, the court has adopted the testimony of theologians. But many of these theologians have subsequently been chastised privately, not for the substance of their testimony but for advancing it publicly.

HILL: You criticize the bishops for what you describe as a lack of forthrightness in their participation in the public debate on medical-ethical issues. However, recently the New Jersey Conference of Catholic Bishops did submit an *amicus curiae* brief before the New Jersey Supreme Court in the case of Nancy Ellen Jobes, opposing the request of the Jobes family to withdraw nutrition and hydration from their permanently comatose daughter. Where does this participation leave your criticism?

ARMSTRONG: Naturally, I laud in principle the decision of the New Jersey bishops to take an active part in the Supreme Court's deliberations in this particular case. However, I am at a loss to know what to make of the actual brief submitted. It is hard to reconcile the position advanced in the Jobes case with the long-standing teaching of the church. It is also hard to reconcile this brief with those submitted by the bishops earlier in the cases of Karen Ann Quinlan and Claire Conroy. The present brief acknowledges this year's statement by the American Medical Association that under certain circumstances, in cases of terminal illness or permanent coma, there is no distinction between nutrition and hydration and, for example, chemotherapy. The brief merely asserts that there is a difference, claims that the courts' rulings in the Jobes and Brophy cases have gone too far, and fails to acknowledge the previous, differing positions advanced in the cases of Quinlan and Conroy. From a pastoral or doctrinal position, that is simply not good enough.

In its present form, the bishops' participation can lead to mischief. Their statement implies that Catholics — patients and their families, as well as care-givers — are now obliged in terminal cases to accept, or to continue once begun, artificial medical measures which provide nutrition and hydration. In comparing the bishops' position in the case of Claire Conroy with what they are now asserting in the Jobes case, I must say that this latest statement is not my understanding of the fullest teaching of the Catholic church. But there is a less parochial consideration. Nancy Ellen Jobes and her family are Presbyterians who have been able to make their choices in the closest harmony with the teachings of the Presbyterian church, presented in such official documents as the *Covenant of Caring*. The seeming discrepancy between Catholic and Presbyterian teaching now reflected in the New Jersey Catholic bishops' brief is not promising for the development of an ecumenical theology in issues like these, the resolution of which will clearly be crucial in establishing the ethical tone of our pluralistic society.

HILL: What immediate challenges — legal, ethical, and medical — do you see facing the Catholic community in America.

ARMSTRONG: The issues with which we have been dealing will seem naive when compared with those arising from imminent medical-technological developments. We are on the threshold of participating deliberately in our own evolution. This is no time for what John Milton, as long ago as 1644, called "cloistered virtue."

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'DIOS,' 'PATRIA,' & 'REVOLUCION'

Raised voices in Nicaragua

JOHN C. CORT

"LISTEN to the music." This imperative, borrowed from the popular song, might be the best advice for a visitor to Nicaragua who is looking for a quick answer to the question: "Who is going to win — Sandinistas or *contras*, the People's Church or Cardinal Obando?"

Without pretending to instant expertise after a two-week visit, I think the musical approach has merit. Three examples:

● Picture a large hall, packed with men, women, and children of all ages and conditions, but mostly poor, a good cross-section of *el pueblo*. We arrive too late for the speeches but in time for the music. A six-piece band — guitars, accordion, marimba — starts with a lovely, slow number in Spanish style, but then launches into a series of revolutionary songs. The tempos are faster, the rhythms catchy. The band leader, a strikingly handsome young man who has the voice and the aspect of an angel of God, leads the crowd with an air of triumphant joy. The crowd, which knows all the words, sings them *fortissimo*. The roof and the whole hall appear ready to lift off and ascend into outer space.

● Picture Sunday Mass in an old church in the relatively prosperous city of Granada. (Except for a few enclaves of still-wealthy bourgeois, prosperity in Nicaragua is mostly relative, while poverty is absolute and ubiquitous.) The congregation is somewhat sparse, middle class, mainly women. A young priest, high in the pulpit, pleads for "*reconciliación*," which has become a code word for negotiation with the *contras*. They sing a hymn, but light no fires. Female voices predominate. Nothing against women, who are always and everywhere essential, but it does take men to fight a revolution or a counter-revolution.

● Picture another Sunday Mass in a poor section of Managua, the place packed, plenty of men. The church is decorated with striking murals in a respectable imitation of Diego Rivera, celebrating the Christian martyrs of Latin America from Bartolomé de Las Casas in the sixteenth century to Archbishop Romero in the twentieth, and some of the secular heroes, including Augusto Sandino himself. The risen Christ behind the altar is a flying giant and resembles a beardless young Nicaraguan. The band, all young men, is bigger and louder, with a prominent drum section, but the songs are almost equally revolutionary. So is the homily of the eloquent Padre Uriel Molina, the controversial pastor.

One grows a bit uneasy at the charged political atmosphere — *patria, revolución*, and *Dios* seem hopelessly confused — but afterwards one considers the fact that St. Joan of Arc was equally political and nationalistic, as well as militaristic. *God* does have political relevance. Many foreigners are in attendance, including about forty of us (from sixteen countries) from the congress/seminar of the International League of Religious Socialists. Everyone receives communion, taking the Host in every conceivable arrangement of mouth, hands, and fingers — obviously many non-Catholics.

A high point of the liturgy comes at the remembrance of the dead. All lights are extinguished except the Easter candle in the center of the altar. Older men and women come forward one by one and cry out the name of some loved one who has died in the war or the revolution, and everyone responds, "*Presente!*" I had witnessed this same ceremony in an anti-*contra* demonstration on Boston Common, but did not realize that its origin and significance were religious. (Incidentally, one of the early blunders of the Sandinistas in handling the remote Miskitos, about whose culture they were surprisingly ignorant, was to try this ritual with them, not knowing that the Miskitos never mention the dead, and are least of all thrilled that the dead might be present in their midst.) Nevertheless, here in Sancta Maria de los Angeles, it is a most impressive and moving adjunct to the Mass.

With the band playing softly behind him, the leader declaims some lines from Sandino, "My cause is the cause of my people, the cause of all the oppressed people of the world," and then adds the words that are always said when someone who died defending the revolution is buried: "It is for these dead, our dead, that we promise to defend the victory." This is tough music to beat.

In all fairness we should add a fourth musical number. After the congress the Sandinistas take us out into the country. They show us an impressive prison farm, without bars, fences, or armed guards and, in sharp contrast, a cooperative farm that suggests the set of *Tobacco Road*. I have to admire their honesty in showing us this place. Peasants and their barefoot

JOHN C. CORT, *a pioneer member of the Catholic Worker movement, is a co-editor of* Religious Socialism, *a publication of the Religion & Socialism Commission of the Democratic Socialists of America. His history of Christian socialism will be published by Orbis Books in 1987.*

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THE HUMAN FAMILY UNDERSTANDING OTHER PEOPLE

(formerly Books for Brotherhood)

Children's and Young Adults' List

EACH YEAR a representative committee draws up a list of books for children and young adults, books that best portray relationships among people of different origins, races, and religions. The complete list, selected from books published from August 1985 through July 1986, is meant to cover a wide range of ages, interests, and readability. The following selection from the complete list is presented by the publishers named below.

Annie John, *by Jamaica Kincaid. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1985, $11.95*

Jamaica Kincaid has written a remarkable autobiographical novel about growing up in St. John's, Antigua, in the West Indies. Drawing on the life and customs of her country, this is a candid but never sensational account of the author's experiences from her early childhood through her sexual awakening. (14 and up)

Art Rust's Illustrated History of the Black Athlete, *by Edna and Art Rust, Jr. Doubleday, 1985. $24.95*

From the first historical figures who broke the color barrier to the multi-million-dollar superstars of today, this is a gold mine of facts and background information for every sports fan. Here are all the greats and near greats among Black athletes in baseball, boxing, track, football, basketball, horseracing, and — where Blacks are challenging the newest horizons in the sports front — golf, tennis and hockey. (12 and up)

Aviva's Piano, *by Miriam Chaikin, Clarion, 1985. $11.95*

Daily life in modern Israel is the background for a young Jewish girl's introduction to Israel after her family moves there from Argentina. Life on the kibbutz, including terrorist attacks, is presented in a fairly positive manner. (7-10)

Betty Friedan, A Voice for Women's Rights, *by Milton Meltzer. Illustrated by Stephen Marchesi. Viking Kestrel, 1985. $9.95*

Drawing on Betty Friedan's books and personal papers at Radcliffe College as well as interviews with her friends and Ms. Friedan herself, Milton Meltzer has produced a clear, vivid portrait of the famous American feminist for young readers. He traces her life from her days as Betty Goldstein in her home town of Peoria, Illinois, to her growing awakening and later fight for the recognition of the equality of men and women. (7-11)

Big Man and the Burn-Out, *by Clayton Bess. Houghton, 1985. $12.95*

A junior novel concerning the unlikely friendship of Jess (Big Man) and Meechum (Burn-Out). Jess was abandoned into his grandmother's care and Meechum's mother was killed and he abandoned by his father. They are a pair of true outsiders both at school and at home until they discover their strengths through the help of a teacher. A touching story of boys growing up. (12-14)

Black Americana, *by Richard A. Long. Chartwell Books, 1985. $12.98*

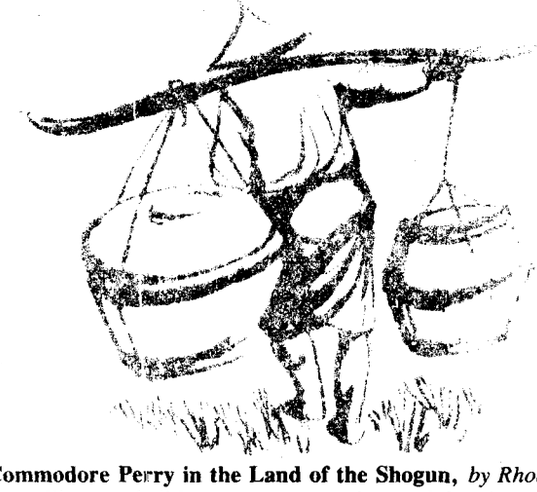
Lively text and pictures celebrate the cultural, social and political role that Black people have played in the United States during the past three centuries. Through slavery, segregation and the Civil Rights Movement, from the early Folk-Rural Culture brought from Africa to the full flowering of Black American culture, America has felt the impact of this vibrant minority in every field of human achievement. (12 and up)

Brothers of the Heart, *by Joan W. Blos. Scribner's 1985. $12.95*

In the 1830s, Shem Perkins, 14 and lame, lives with his family in the Michigan wilderness. After an argument with his father, Shem runs away to the woods. There, an Indian woman treats his lameness, teaches him her language and how to be self-reliant. At her death, proud and sure of himself, Shem returns to his grieving family and the prospect of a happy future. A well-researched, moving story of pioneer and Indian life. (12 and up)

Captive Bodies, Free Spirits: The Story of Southern Slavery, *by William J. Evitts. Messner, 1985. $9.79*

A readable, informative history of slavery in America, this book intersperses personal stories of slaves, their courage, sacrifices and brutal living and working conditions, with a general examination of slavery and its origins and place in American history. (11-14)



Commodore Perry in the Land of the Shogun, *by Rhoda Blumberg. Illustrated with contemporary prints and drawings. Lothrop, 1985. $13.00*

This exceptional historical study explores Commodore Perry's opening of Japan to Western trade through both oriental and occidental eyes. Despite numerous prejudices on both sides, both Japan and the United States came to respect one another through mutually profitable commerce. Especially fine are the many contemporary woodcuts which show how exotic Westerners looked to Japanese artists. (10 and up)

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Dakota Dugout, *by Ann Turner. Illustrated by Ronald Himler. Macmillan, 1985. $10.95*

Through strong black-and-white drawings and a poetic text, a woman tells her daughter about the early years in a sod house out on the Dakota Prairie. This poignant picture book reiterates, without lecturing, that the pioneer woman's contribution to the taming of the land was equal to that of her husband. (10-12)

Dead Birds Singing, *by Marc Talbert. Little, Brown, 1985. $12.95*

After a car accident kills his mother, Matt now entirely on his own, grieves and harbors bitter anger toward the drunken driver responsible. We follow Matt through the accident itself, his mother's funeral, his sister's eventual death, to the jealous love/hate relationship with his best friend. Matt remembers bits of his life, often the most ordinary of moments, as he works his way through to accepting the tragedy and to placing his trust in his new-found adopted family. Characters and situations are well-drawn and realistic. (12 and up)

Dreams into Deeds, *by Linda Peavy and Ursula Smith. Scribner's, 1985. $12.95*

Profiles of nine extraordinary American women, whose stories are sure to inform and inspire, are collected in this volume.The subjects include Jane Addams, Marian Anderson, Juliette Low, Margaret Mead and Babe Didrickson. We see them first as young girls, with dreams, and then as women who made these dreams come true. (12 and up)

The Elephant Man, *by Frederick Drimmer. Putnam's 1985. $13.95*

This is the touching story of Joseph Merrick — the Elephant Man — who suffered from a severe form of neurofibromatosis which so crippled and disfigures him that people shrank from him in horror. It is also the story of Frederick Treves, the surgeon who befriended Merrick and rescued him from a life of poverty and misery in workhouses and freak shows. (12 and up)

Ellis Island, *by Barbara Benton. Facts on File, 1985. $25.95*

A lavishly illustrated portrait of the immigrant receiving station, from its construction in 1854 through its heyday in the early part of the 20th century, up to and including its current restoration. Ellis Island is not only the place through which many of our ancestors passed, but it has become a symbol of the immigrant experience in America.(12 and up)

The Eternal Spring of Mr. Ito, *by Sheila Garrigue. Bradbury, 1985. $11.95*

Vancouver,British Columbia, in Canada, seems an unlikely setting for a World War II novel. However, the effects of the Japanese bombing at Pearl Harbor also involved Canadians and their Japanese-Canadian residents. The sensitive relationship of a Japanese gardener, Mr. Ito, and a protagonist, Sara, provides the background for a story of philosophical concepts of death, friendship and trust. (9-11)

Eyes of Darkness, *by Jamake Highwater. Lothrop, 1985. $13.00*

Based on the life of a Native American doctor, this novel dramatically captures the alienation of a teenager caught between two cultures. Yesa is brought up in the tradition of the People of the Plains and is almost a man when the Long Knives — the white men — move across the plains. By a sudden turn of fate, Yesa is carried into the white man's world where, to survive, he accepts the white man's wisdom. Trained as a physician, he dreams of using his skills to build a bridge between his two worlds — only to find himself trapped between them. (12 and up)

Selected by . . .

Edith G. Selig, Coordinator

Janet Austin, Media Specialist, Sicomac Elementary School, Wyckoff, New Jersey

Joseph Benkovitz, Librarian, Springfield Gardens High School, New York

Michael Hearn, Author,critic

Ruth Rausen, Coordinator of Young Adult Services, The New York Public Library

Barbara Rollock, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library

Roslyn Rubinstein, Head of Young Adult Division, Central Library, Queens Borough Public Library, New York.

FDR's Splendid Deception, *by Hugh Gallagher. Dodd, Mead, 1985. $16.95*

A fascinating, original biography of our thirty-second president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, which focuses on his polio and how it affected his life, relationships and career, but how it never disabled or handicapped him. Author Gallagher, a polio victim himself, sensitively and insightfully shows us another side of one of the most popular and influential people of the 20th century. (14 and up)

First Your Penny, *by Donna Hill. Atheneum, 1985. $12.95*

The fate of the mentally disabled is difficult when family members lack understanding or sympathy, as in the case of sixteen-year-old Richard, or "Dickey" as his family calls him. Richard's disabilities become more apparent and frustrating to him as he grows older and yearns to assume some responsibility and become his own person. Late in the story, one sympathetic adult suggests a solution to the teenager's problem and also convinces his mother than Richard could be helped to make a meaningful contribution. The story projects some hope for those identified as mentally disabled — or "retarded." It is clearly designed to arouse understanding of these little-understood individuals. (11-13)

Gleanings, *by Lou Willett Stanek. Harper & Row, 1985. $12.95*

Pepper Junior, an outspoken, feisty girl from California, returns to a small town on Long Island, where her father had been part of a scandal years before. Her relationship with Frankie, a quiet, sensitive boy, reveals a development of character by both. (11-13)

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Grace in the Wilderness: After the Liberation, 1945-1948, *by Aranka Siegel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1985. $11.95*

As World War II ends, fifteen-year-old Piri Davidowitz and her sister Iboya are liberated from the Bergen-Belsen death camp. The Swedish Red Cross takes them in, and under the care of the generous Swedish people they begin to rebuild their lives. Piri is "adopted" by a wonderful Christian family and as she grows into womanhood falls in love. But ultimately she feels she cannot give up her own identity or her dream of a future, and she leaves for America to live with relatives she has never seen. (13 and up)

Grandpa and Bo, *by Kevis Henkes. Greenwillow, 1986, $11.75*

Bo spends the summer with his grandfather, developing a warm relationship. This quiet story reinforces a relationship which is not always available to all modern children. (7-10)

Growing Old in America, *by Elaine Landau. Messner, 1986. $9.79*

Factual information on the medical, economic, legal and social aspects of aging is interwoven with anecdotes about real people aimed at presenting a candid view of what it means to grow old in America. Successfully dispelling many of the myths and prejudices surrounding aging, this is an upbeat, thought-provoking book. (10-14)

Half-Nelson, Full Nelson, *by Bruce Stone. Harper & Row, 1985. $11.89*

Nelson Gato's father is a professional wrestler down on his luck and unable to find work. When he gets a carnival job, traveling in the South and wrestling alligators, he humiliates the family. His wife and daughter leave, but Nelson accompanies his father on this comic/serious excursion. Nelson sees his father as a man with a dream and his love deepens for this man considered and treated as a buffoon. Family problems are resolved in these fast-action pages and all comes to a satisfactory conclusion with a father ready to take on reality. (12 and up)

The Happiest Ending, *by Yoshiko Uchida. A Margaret K. McElderry/Atheneum, 1985. $10.95*

Twelve-year-old Rinko learns about adult problems and gains insight into different forms of love. With many other family complications, she becomes involved with she learns a girl from Japan is coming to marry a man twice her age. (11-13)

Hello, My Name Is Scrambled Eggs, *by Jamie Gilson. Illustrated by John Wallner. Lothrop, 1985. $10.00*

The Americanization of Tuan Nguyen from Vietnam is presented in a light and humorous vein. Tuan becomes the protégé of Harvey Trumbull, from whom he learns words like "weird," and "no kidding." Glimpses of the hardships of the Vietnamese boat people are minimal as the story concentratres more on Tuan's use of the English language, superiority in mathematics, and adjustment to American ways and school. Young readers who clamor for school stories will find a slightly different twist here. (8-10)

Here a Little Child I Stand: Poems of Prayer and Praise for Children. *Chosen by Cynthia Mitchell. Illustrated by Satomi Ichikawa. Philomel, 1985. $11.95*

Satomi Ichikawa and Cynthia Mitchell have produced a hymn to the International Family of Children. Drawing on prayers from around the world, from the Bible to Traditional Eskimo, from Ian McDonald of Guyana to Langston Hughes of Harlem, from the Japanese to the Tewa Indians of North America, artist and anthologist embrace the hopes, desires, and faith of boys and girls everywhere. (All ages)

A Hidden Childhood, *by Frida Weinstein. Hill & Wang, 1985. $13.95*

The year is 1942 and as her parents watch the Germans take over France, young Frida is sent to live in a Catholic convent school. Frida's true story is full of her conflicting feelings: the pain of being separated from her family while growing closer to the church and its teachings. But Frida cannot and will not forget her Jewish heritage, and as the war ends she leaves the convent life and is eventually reunited with her father in Israel. A poignant, powerful story, eloquently told. (12 and up)

I Am One of You Forever, *by Fred Chappell. Louisiana State University Press, 1985. $14.95*

Although called a novel, this is more a collection of stories about members of one farm family in North Carolina in the 1940s as observed by a young boy, Jess. His father's escapades and his eccentric uncles' stories are especially amusing and readers will come to love this family as if they were real people. Mature young people will find this special book by an award-winning poet warm and delightful. (14 and up)

I Didn't Say Goodbye, *by Claudine Vegh. Dutton, 1985. $14.95*

The author, a psychiatrist in Paris, conducted these 28 interviews with French people, most of them now in their 30s, who lost one or more parents in the Holocaust. Vegh, herself, was one of the children whose parents were arrested and only her mother returned. Interviews are spare and stark. People hold back the drama, the anguish of being abandoned, the ambivalence of accepting any kind of happiness in life. All are grateful to Vegh for the opportunity to talk about it — most for the first time. Very powerful, with a wonderful afterword by psychiatrist Bruno Bettelheim. (14 and up)

Journey to Jo'burg, *by Beverly Naidoo. Illustrated by Eric Velasquez. Lippincott, 1985. $9.95*

Naledi and Tiro's baby sister is sick, and they must go to the city to fetch their mother. But Naledi and Tiro are Black, living in South Africa, and they must go by foot to Johannesburg. Their valiant struggle to help those they love reveals the true meaning of Apartheid, just another word for slavery. Proceeds from this book will go to the British Defense and Aid Fund for Southern Africa to fight injustice and to promote a non-racial, free society. (9-12)

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Long Journey of Lukas B., *by Willi Fahrmann. Bradbury, 1985 $12.95*

A long, rambling historical novel set in the 1870s — first in Germany, then in America. Lukas is 14 when his grandfather, heavily in debt, decides to go to America. Lukas goes with him, along with many men from the village, plus Mathilde, the old man's daughter, who stows away. A second "plot" concerns Lukas's father, Karl, a painter, who has gone to America five years before and whom Lukas longs to find. A flavorful book, translated from the German, giving a good view of the immigrants' passage and their experiences in America. (12 and up)

Louis Armstrong, *by James Lincoln Collier, Macmillan, 1985. $11.95*

A much-needed biography of the great jazz musician describes in fascinating detail the sordid facts and eventual successes in the trumpeter's life. There is an aura of respect for the man who never formally studied music, rose from poverty and became a leading performer in his field. Collier, a musician, also interweaves a sense of place and history of the times in the presentation. (10 and up)

Martin Luther King, Jr. . . . To the Mountaintop, *by William Roger Witherspoon. Doubleday, 1985. $30.00*

This dramatic portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr. skillfully combines biography, oral history and photojournalism. The words and pictures offer an intimate look at King as a dynamic spiritual leader, skilled politician, electrifying speaker and affectionate husband and father. It portrays the successes and failures, the fear and courage, and especially the faith that moved people to risk their lives for human dignity. It also presents an exceptional overview of one of the most passionate, tragic and momentous chapters in American history. (14 and up)

Moses in the Bulrushes. *Retold and illustrated by Warwick Hutton. A Margaret McElderry Book/Atheneum, 1986. $12.95*

The distinguished British illustrator has expertly retold (through elegant watercolors) the famous Bible story of how the Pharaoah's daughter defied her father's order to kill all Hebrew boy babies and adopted Moses as her own son. The tale describes how human compassion can conquer political oppression. (all ages)

Move Your Shadow: South Africa Black and White, *by Joseph Lelyveld. Times Books, 1985. $18.95*

Journalist Lelyveld traveled extensively through South Africa during the 1960s and then again during the 1980s and from these experiences wrote this Pulitzer-Prize-winning portrait of a country in turmoil. This is a moving, insightful description of the everyday life and ordeals of the country's Black majority. They are depicted not as a defeated people, but a determined, spirited people. (14 and up)

Mountain Light, *by Laurence Yep. Harper & Row, 1985. $11.95*

Fleeing a rebellion against the Manchus in China, Squeaky Lau goes to the Golden Mountain, the California gold fields in the 1800s. He experiences the fears, dangers, and hopes of the Chinese immigrant as he tries to prove himself to Cassia, whom he loves, to his village and to himself. (12 and up)

My Three Uncles, *by Yossi Abolafia. Greenwillow, 1985. $11.75*

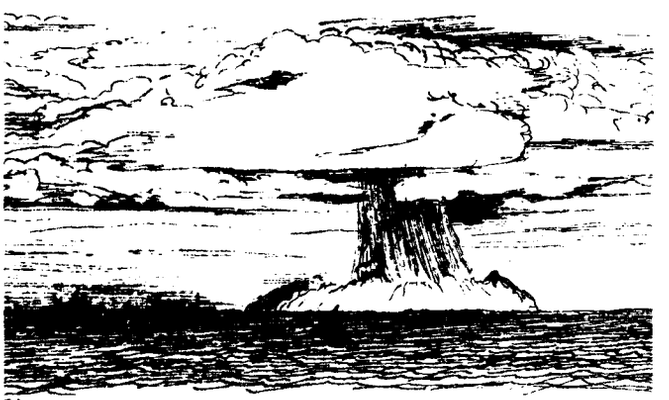
A young girl learns about individual differences when she works out the recognition of her triplet look-alike uncles. (7-1)

Not So Fast, Songololo, *by Niki Daly. A Margaret K. McElderry Book/Atheneum, 1986. $11.95*

The universally routine adventure of a shopping trip to the city and sharing a warm relationship with one's grandmother is highlighted in this picture book set in South Africa. From the child's perspective, the author-artist pictures Malusi and his slow, curiosity-seeking little-boy ways as he makes the trip to buy new sneakers ("tackies") with his old grandmother. The pictures are bright and colorful, and Gogo, the grandmother, is fat and comforting. A note tells us that the author's earnings will be donated for worthy causes among Blacks in South Africa. (5-8)

The People Could Fly: American Black Folktales, *told by Virginia Hamilton. Illustrated by Leo & Diane Dillon. Knopf, 1985. $12.95*

This compilation of twenty-four stories from the lore of Black America contains retellings of many familiar and some lesser-known tales. Readers and storytellers will recognize Wiley and the hairy Man, a version of the Tar Baby story from Uncle Remus, and other Brer Rabbit stories. The slave narratives describing the winning of freedom add another dimension to a collection of fanciful and traditional tall tales. Hamilton uses her skill with language to heighten the action and drama inherent in some of the tales, by utilizing the cadences of Black speech patterns. The striking illustrations of the Dillons further enhance this rich folk collection. (8 and up)



A Place Called Hiroshima, *by Betty Jean Lifton. Photographs by Eikoh Hosoe. Kodansha International, 1985. $18.95*

New buildings and industries have made Hiroshima a bustling city. But the aging survivors of the atomic bomb, their children and their children's children are still suffering both physically and mentally from the delayed effects of radiation. Graphic, deeply emotional photographs and an artfully composed text weave the history of the event, bring the reality of the human devastation before our eyes and challenge the existence of today's nuclear weapons. (14 and up)

Prairie Songs, *by Pam Conrad. Harper & Row, 1985. $10.89*

Louisa, a young girl, and her shy little brother, stop collecting Buffalo chips in the Nebraska prairie to hurry off to welcome the newest arrivals — a doctor and his beautiful wife from New York City. The tragic consequences of the move of these city people to a lonely sod house provide the plot for this novel. Louisa is a strong, vivacious, ageless character. She loves books and the doctor's wife has brought a trunk full of them. The adults' suffering and their emotional problems are movingly presented. A fine story of the West which captures the bleak beauty of the prairie. (12 and up)

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Racial Prejudice, *by Elaine Pascoe. Franklin Watts, 1985. $10.90*

In the United States "justice for all" has historically meant "for all whites." While the most blatant injustices of racial prejudice are a thing of the past, the underlying attitudes and the suffering they cause linger on. In this volume, the experience of Blacks, Orientals, Hispanics and Native Americans in the United States are examined and some of the vicious stereotypes that persist as a result of racial prejudice are presented and refuted. (12 and up)

The Runner, *by Cynthia Voigt. Atheneum, 1985, $11.95*

Samuel "Bullet" Tillerman is on the school track team but he is not a team man. Running is not just a sport to Bullet — it is his freedom and his identity. It is the discipline of running that allows him to come to terms with changes — to coach a Black member of the team, to break out of the "box" that is his home life and to enter manhood, alone but triumphant. (12 and up)

Sink or Swim, *by Betty Miles. Knopf, 1986, $11.95*

A Black child from the urban ghetto in New York City has a series of adventures in New Hampshire as a Fresh Air Fund "kid." Miles tells a pleasant story about B.J. Johnson and his adjustment to a white family with children. The first person narrative employs B.J.'s speech pattern in the telling and the reader is afforded some insight into the Fresh Air Fund program and the perceptions of the children in the program. There is no hint of conflict in the story, which explores a real aspect of social programs for some children. (8-12)

Sirens and Spies, *by Janet Lisle. Bradbury, 1985. $11.95*

Fourteen-year-old Elsie discovers that during the Second World War and the Nazi occupation of France, her beloved violin teacher and friend, Miss Fitch, had an affair with a German soldier and was labeled a collaborator. Elsie is devastated and refuses to see or speak to Miss Fitch. Her older sister dares her to confront Miss Fitch; she does, and upon hearing Miss Fitch's story, Elsie learns that understanding and forgiveness are the hardest, but most important parts of growing up. (12 and up)

Statue of Liberty, *by Sue Burchard. Harcourt, 1985. $13.95*

This is a highly readable and thorough book on the history of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty — from the French dinner party in 1865 where the idea was born, to the fund-raising activities of Lee Iacocca to renovate the great lady in time for her hundredth birthday in 1986. A wonderful story set off by a profusion of black and white illustrations, cartoons, and photographs. Miss Liberty's nose is 4'6" long and for those who like statistics, all the rest are given. Edifying, enlightening and enjoyable. (12 and up)

Streams to the River, River to the Sea, *by Scott O'Dell. Houghton, 1986. $14.95*

Scott O'Dell, one of the most honored authors of American children's books, has written a moving historical novel about one of the most important women in American history. Straddled with a new baby and a man she did not love, the Shoshone woman Sacagawea guided Lewis and Clark through the newly acquired Louisiana Purchase. If it had not been for this remarkable individual, American history might have been quite different. She and her time come vividly to life in this well-researched novel. (10-14)

They Sought a New World: The Story of European Immigration to North America, *by William Kurelek and Margaret Engelhart. Tundra, 1985. $14.95*

As the child of an immigrant forced to labor as a farm boy on the prairies during the harsh 1930's, William Kurelek knew the immigrant experience personally, the courage and tenacity, the dignity and dreams, and dedicated himself to recording it. The twenty-eight paintings are complemented by a text drawn from his passionately autobiographical writings. (10 and up)

The Village of Round and Square Houses, *written and illustrated by Ann Grifalconi. Little, Brown, 1986. $15.95*

In the far-off hills of the Cameroons in Central Africa, in the shade of the volcano Naka, lies a unique village where the men live in square houses and the women in round ones. It had not always been this way. With vibrant full-color pictures, Ann Grifalconi describes the life of one little girl in Tos and how it came to be that its men live in square houses and its women in round ones. (3-5)

Wheels for Walking, *by Sandra Richmond. Atlantic Monthly, 1985. $13.95*

Sally, 18, is left a quadriplegic after a car accident. At first, in the hospital, she relates only to Jake, a tough guy, also in a wheelchair. In the second half of the book we learn exactly how the accident occurred, of the intensive care unit and the rehabilitation center. She sends her boyfriend away, shuts out her parents. Gradually, with the help of a caring nurse and therapist, she learns to stop fighting herself and joy returns to her life. Writing from her own experience, the author, a quadriplegic, married and with children, gives the reader an authentic and inspirational message. (12 and up)

The Yanov Torah, *by Erwin and Agnes Herman. Kar-Ben Copies, 1985. $11.95*

The Yanov Torah is smuggled into the Nazi labor camp in Lvov, Poland, piece by piece at great risk by the Jewish inmates. After the war, it is brought to American where it occupies a hallowed place in a synagogue. (8-12)

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children stand around and our Sandinista guides strike up a song to lighten the atmosphere. Few of the *campesinos* join in and by no means *con brio*. The Sandinistas try again. Not much better.

The peasants describe their cooperative — actually, three separate cooperatives that are only three years old. There is plenty of land, and the government has given it to them to have and to hold, but the cooperative land is not supplemented by individual plots, and perhaps this is an explanation for the somewhat dispirited air of the place. A sharp old man, clearly the brains of the group, explains that the first two years were not profitable, what with poor weather and lack of equipment, but that last year had been good — "thanks be to God," a phrase he repeats several times — and they have managed to pay off their loan from the government bank. So the bottom line is not so bad.

At the congress an American economist had told us that the government's agrarian reform had been "tremendously successful." This does not seem to square with our visit or with a more restrained assessment in *Envio*, the excellent periodical of the Jesuits' *Instituto Historico*. True, large landholdings have been reduced from 36 percent to 10 percent, and the relationship between agricultural prices and industrial prices has been moving lately in favor of the peasants. This happened after an initial shift in the opposite direction, thanks to some Sandinista favoritism for their urban constituency. (Managua alone includes almost one-third of the population.) The government controls only 18 percent of the arable land and this is being reduced daily as the Sandinistas, more pragmatic than ideological, find that state-run farms are not as efficient as private-owned cooperatives and individual small- and medium-sized holdings. The latter make up about 50 percent and the cooperatives about 20 percent. All in all, if not "tremendously successful," the land reform is a much better deal for the peasants than the set-up under Somoza. It is strikingly superior to land policies in such places as Guatemala, where a young Dutch woman who has been working there tells us that 2 percent of the people own 80 percent of the land.

AFTER the congress and the "tourist program," I make an effort to interview Cardinal Obando. One delegate reports that he gave Father Kolvenbach, superior general of the Jesuits, exactly five minutes. By this measurement I could hardly expect a few seconds, but I feel an obligation to try to at least talk to a spokesman. The line is continually busy, so we take a chance and a long taxi ride out to a distant suburb, where he has his residence, episcopal church, and chancery office. (Since the earthquake of 1972 the handsome old cathedral in the largely-leveled downtown area still stands in gaunt splendor, but open to the sky. It would be an excellent project for conservative Catholics in the U.S. to raise the money to restore it. For progressive Catholics, an even better project would be to start raising money to pay the damages the World Court will soon assess against the U.S. for its violation of international law in waging its "dirty little war" against the legitimate government of Nicaragua.)

Coming: Christmas Books

My interpreter is Carlos Escorcia, an engaging young pastor of an Assembly of God church who, for his Sandinista sympathies, has been expelled from his ministry by the Cardinal Obandos of that denomination. We arrive in mid-afternoon and find the gates of the chancery closed. The gardener explains that the offices close at 1 P.M. I can't help thinking, "Your Eminence, you'll never beat the Sandinistas with those working hours, or in a place this remote from the poor sheep of your flock."

At the *Instituto Historico*, however, I find a copy of the cardinal's May 10 article in the *Washington Post*, an article that may have swung just enough votes to approve the $100 million for the *contras*. It contains his grievances against the Sandinistas and concludes that the government elected by two-thirds of the voters in 1984 — in one of the more honest elections in Latin American history — is *not* "a democratic government, legitimately constituted, which places the interests of the Nicaraguan people above any ideological struggle or international cause, seeks the welfare and peace of the people, and enjoys the support of an overwhelming majority." The whole statement was a clear appeal for aid to the *contras*, a delegitimating of the government, and a blessing to the rebellion.

I could not pretend to be an authority on such matters as the welfare and peace of the people, but there are several curious things about this statement. First, it defines a legitimate, democratic government as one that enjoys the support of "an *overwhelming* majority of the people." A bare 51 percent of those voting has usually been considered sufficient, and in the 1984 election two-thirds of the eligibles voted, much higher than U.S. percentages, and elected a president, by a two-thirds margin, and an assembly with six or seven parties, in which the Sandinistas enjoy a 2-to-1 majority over all the others combined. Second, it assumes that "democratic" is an essential requirement of legitimate governments. This would delegitimate most of the governments in the world, and particularly in Latin America.

The cardinal's grievances center on the confiscation of some Catholic buildings, the suppression of a Catholic radio station and a Catholic publication, and the censorship of the Nicaraguan bishops' pastoral letter of last Easter in *La Prensa*, which, since the $100 million vote, has itself been suppressed. Above all, he now protests the expulsion from the country of Bishop Pablo Vega, president of the Nicaraguan bishops' conference.

The expulsion occurred on July 2 of this year. A few weeks before, Vega had appeared at a pro-*contra* conference in the U.S. and said, "In Nicaragua there is a totalitarian Marxist-Leninist regime. Armed struggle is a human right. What remedy is left to a repressed people?" A few days before his

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expulsion he repeated these sentiments at a press conference in Managua itself. When one considers the fact that Nicaragua is fighting for its life against the richest, most powerful nation in the world, and the further fact that Nicaragua is one of the smallest and poorest nations in the world, one cannot blame the Sandinistas too much if they use Vega's own language against him: "What remedy is left to an oppressed and desperate people?" Could a U.S. bishop get away with pro-Axis remarks during World War II?

In some of the Sandinista actions against Obando and Vega there may seem to have been overkill. Perhaps so. This would seem to be true of the suppression of the Easter pastoral, which includes this clearly anti-*contra* statement: "We feel that any form of assistance, regardless of the source, which causes the destruction, suffering, and death of our families, or which sows hatred and discord among the Nicaraguan people, is reprehensible."

Apparently the government suppressed it because it also proposed "*reconciliación*," or negotiations with the *contras*, and the Sandinistas are understandably allergic to any negotiations with those whom they consider heirs of Somoza and *vendepatrias*, those who would sell their country to Nicaragua's historic enemy, our beloved country, the United States of America. Given the record, can we blame them?

Nevertheless, the bishops' conference did not go as far as did its president, Vega, or its cardinal, Obando. Unlike them, the conference opposed U.S. aid to the *contras*. I asked Father César Jerez, the astute Guatemalan Jesuit who heads the Catholic university in Managua, how the ten Nicaraguan bishops lined up in their attitudes toward the government. His answer, "Four are clearly opposed, four are open to the social revolution, and two are more concerned with their own dioceses than with national problems." As early as September 1, 1983, however, Vega and Obando had persuaded the group to issue a pastoral that in any other country would be considered treasonous. It seized upon the government's decision to impose compulsory military service as justification for this statement: "The absolute dictatorship of a political party which is constituted by force as the only arbiter and owner of the state, its institutions, and every type of social activity, poses the problem of its legitimacy." It called on "all who do not share the Sandinista party ideology" to refuse conscription. Has any other Catholic hierarchy in the world gone so far in rejecting the right of a beleaguered government to require military service of all those who do not have moral or religious scruples against bearing arms?

AFTER Obando was named cardinal, the only one in Central America, in April 1985, he felt emboldened to go further. His first stop on his return from Rome was Miami, where he said Mass, dined with, and was photographed with *contra* leaders and said, "I do not object to being identified with those who have taken up arms." One might almost wonder at the tolerance of the Sandinistas in allowing him back into the country. Clearly, he is still too popular and they too vulnerable to take such action. With Vega it was a different story.

The charge of Marxist-Leninist tendencies still hangs over the Sandinistas. I asked Father Jerez how he would evaluate the balance of ideological forces within the *Frente Sandinista*. His answer: "I would say that 80 percent of the membership and leadership favor social revolution but also believe that we should retain the Christian values of the Nicaraguan people. Christian ideology is certainly the strongest element in the party." Others placed the percentage even higher. Of course, still others might well maintain that nationalism is stronger than either Marxism, Leninism, or Christianity.

I had several good conversations with one of the more attractive and articulate Christians in the Sandinista front, Miguel Ernesto Vijil, minister of housing, who took an active role in the congress of religious socialists. I asked him how it could be that Christian ideology was so dominant among Sandinistas if only one of the nine *comandantes* of the party, Luis Carrion Cruz, was known to be a practicing Christian. His answer was somewhat circuitous and ambiguous, and I will not repeat it because I could not entirely follow it myself. (Vijil told me, incidentally, that the salary at his level of the government was $55 a month.)

The answer that was probably more satisfactory came the Sunday night before I left. I went back to Sancta Maria de los Angeles for another look at the "people's church." The church was well filled, but not full. As the Mass began I checked out the congregation. Most of the men this time, without the TV cameras and high ceremony, were clearly foreigners, Americans, as it turned out. Of the Nicaraguan men present, the majority — ten — were in the band. I wondered, "Is it really necessary to give a Latin male a guitar or a drum and amplify the sound in order to get him into church? What is it about the inside of a church that seems to emasculate Latin men? France, Italy, Spain, Latin America — can men only ingest religion through their womenfolk?"

The band played on, and the young men sang their rev-

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olutionary religious songs *fortissimo*, and before the final blessing came around I looked at the congregation again. There were more Nicaraguan men present, and in the doorways, looking in and listening to the band and the songs, were still others. Perhaps Father Molina and Sancta Maria de los Angeles have discovered the remedy for the religious disaffection of the Latin male. If God, *el Dios de los Pobres* (the God of the poor), calls for revolution, be revolutionary. If He calls for patriotism, be patriotic. And let the young men strum their guitars, bang their drums, and sing their songs, amplified. After the Mass I spoke to Father Molina. The band was still playing, so loud that we could scarcely hear each other speak. I protested mildly. He said, "But they have a right to play loud." And so they do.

On July 28 a new papal nuncio, Archbishop Paolo Giglio, landed at Managua airport and made the following remarks:

> The mission of the church is to form good citizens, to instruct our Catholics to love their country . . . What makes a good Christian? To fulfill one's duty, to obey the laws of the country. To love God, to love the country, to love one's neighbor, to open the heart to work and the conscience to obey the commandments of God and country.

What a contrast to the statements of Cardinal Obando and Bishop Vega! Apparently someone — possibly even the pope himself — has been listening to the music.

Screen

PUBLIC INTROSPECTION

'MONEY' & 'MISSION'

WHAT'S depressing about Hollywood is not its penchant for junk; you expect *Friday the 13th*, Sylvester Stallone's rampages, and tawdry nonsense from "stars" like Eddie Murphy. What's really depressing is a trend toward junking the dramatic potential of many films aimed at a sophisticated audience. Cases in point this year include *The Color Purple, Out of Africa, Heartburn, Children of a Lesser God,* and now *The Color of Money,* another victim of emotional flattening. In the last case, the poverty of the screenplay is impossible to ignore since it so self-consciously builds on the 1961 classic, *The Hustler*. But *The Color of Money* evokes an older kind of filmmaking only to make us miss it.

This "sequel," directed by Martin Scorcese, again stars Paul Newman as "Fast Eddie Felson," the young pool shark of the 1961 film, who twenty-five years later attempts to reenter the pool-hall world from which he has been banned. In the first film, Newman's career was shaped, and wrecked, by bitter confrontations with co-stars George C. Scott (as his Satanic manager) and Jackie Gleason (magnificently sad as the pool champion, and damned soul, "Minnesota Fats"). In the new film, Newman attempts to make a comeback by shaping a career for Tom Cruise, who plays the kind of sweet naif that Newman once was as young Fast Eddie; as Newman says while observing Cruise, "I sometimes think I'm watching home movies." But every chance at character depth and dramatic irony that such parallels allow is wasted.

Part of the reason is clutter, part simplemindedness. Scorcese and screenwriter Richard Price have a complicated story to tell. Newman first seeks a vicarious comeback as Cruise's manager, then strikes out on his own after being humiliated at nine-ball by a young black hustler named Amos. Fighting age and weak eyesight, Newman retrains intensively, then winds up facing Cruise at an Atlantic City grand championship. Newman wins, then is shocked when he learns Cruise has "dumped," or lost deliberately in order to win money on side-bets. He taught Cruise the concept, but, like all Doctor Frankensteins, is stunned when his creature turns such methods on his creator. Newman aches for a clear-cut victory.

A story like this needs interiority, but Price's writing and Scorcese's photography deny the movie depth. The special language of pool halls and hustlers is often confusing; worse, almost in horror of the spoken word, the film gives no one a moment reflectively to draw the strands of the story together, as Newman did so magnificently in the final battle of *The Hustler*. Newman's sideline love affair with Helen Shaver serves only to distract, and the sultry Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (as Cruise's moll) is increasingly obscured as the film progresses. Scorcese also stages so many pool contests that no one single game attains climactic power. His photography seems more fascinated with trickery (like positioning the camera on the cue ball as it breaks the pack) than with the reality of the game itself. Pool here seems a matter of helter-skelter panic, not Platonic geometry, or felt chess.

Cynically viewed, *The Color of Money* exemplifies the worst of current filmmaking-by-demography: you can just see production heads licking their lips over the box office magic in combining two hot sex symbols like Cruise and Newman from *different* generations. Newman's appeal in *The Color of Money* parallels that of Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster in *Tough Guys,* another recent film aimed at an older audience, in its struggle to replay heroic roles from the past. Both films, however, limit the dramatic power of these considerable actors to a shallow encounter with time and loss. They are not allowed to probe into a world where pain and triumph coexist in conscious introspection; everything has to be kept strictly superficial to reach the widest possible audience and offend no one by too much seriousness. For Newman, involvement with such a film is not just a comedown from *The Hustler,* but even from the more recent *The Verdict,* where David Mamet's screenplay gave him room to take subject matter similar to *The Color of Money* — the search of a middle-aged failure for vindication — and enrich it with echoes of sin, penance, and redemption.

Scorcese's haphazard style is a great asset in evading such significance, and a cheap, mindlessly upbeat conclusion also helps. Here, callow Tom Cruise seems at home: his superfi-

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ciality fits the content perfectly. Always the professional, Newman gets by on gusto and bravura, striking smart poses as needed. But he's "dumping."

THE MISSION, winner of this year's Best Picture award at Cannes, attains interiority, and a kind of solemn grandeur, despite taking some large risks. The film is based on efforts of eighteenth-century Jesuits to protect their South American jungle missions and Indian converts from liquidation by colonial Portugal and Spain. Almost everyone connected with the movie brings impressive credentials: director Roland Joffe (*The Killing Fields*) and his cinematographer Chris Menges; producers David Puttnam (*Chariots of Fire*) and Fernando Ghia; screenwriter Robert Bolt (*A Man for All Seasons*); leading actors Jeremy Irons and Oscar-winning Robert de Niro; and co-stars as diverse as Dan Berrigan, stalwarts of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and South American Indian-rights activists. Teamwork here at least counts, since all involved seem to have put ego in the service of a moral question: what use is violence?

Indeed, if the film has a weakness, it derives from its reticence, its eschewal of propaganda, its willingness to let history speak for itself — almost, one is tempted to say, its willingness to let historical characters act out their conflicts without talking modernistically about them. Understatement is unusual for Bolt, a master of the apt quip , as in his unforgettable Thomas More.

But the actors here, at least to me, justify the strategy. Irons — who studied his role as Father Gabriel, principal missionary among the Guarani Indians, with Berrigan's help — acts sublimely restrained, suggesting either a mad stoic or perfect saint. De Niro is even better as Mendoza, first a slave trader, and then, after gruesome penance for killing his brother in a love quarrel, a Jesuit who works as Irons's principal assistant. But his vows of obedience and nonviolence cannot outlast the threat of genocide to the Indians he has come to love. De Niro deserves an Oscar nomination for facial acting, concentrating the pain and irony of his position into eyes and cheek muscles.

Understatement fails, however, with Irish actor Ray McAnnaly as the key papal envoy who must decide whether to support the Jesuits or the colonial powers. McAnnaly is supposed to be caught between loyalty to conscience and reasons of state. But he is opaquely enigmatic, swerving from one position to another without appropriate dramatic buildup or semblance of conflict.

The Mission also has the common weakness of all films about the third world: undue attention to the outsiders. Authenticity has been achieved, however, through fine ensemble acting by the Wuanana Indians; stunning on-location photography, especially of the mammoth Iguaza Falls; and music by Ennio Morricone, which mixes liturgical and primitive motifs, especially powerful in a final counterpoint of high-pitched chant and genocidal Armageddon. Still, there should have been more climactic focus on what the Indians, not merely the Jesuits were thinking.

Nevertheless, the end raises the issue of violent resistance to evil in a brutally powerful, provocative way. Joffe's cool camera style and evenhanded treatment of Irons's pacifism and de Niro's resort to "just war" avoids a simple judgment. As an epigraph about current Jesuit activities among the Indians notes, the issue of violence in defense of the powerless is still painfully relevant. *The Mission* will not be comforting to those who dismiss liberation theology, or ignore the murder of Latin American archbishops and nuns when committed by right-wing fanatics.

Puttnam has recently been named head of Columbia Pictures, tempting some to believe he will liberate Hollywood. He can't. It will always produce junk films in several genres. But perhaps he can reclaim the "sophisticated" film, like *The Color of Money*, from those who assume filmgoers can't handle moral questions, or assume moral questions can't be fused with exciting narrative. *The Mission* provides both.

TOM O'BRIEN

Stage

FESTIVAL IN PHILLY

'JUNIPER', 'HEADS', & 'QUEENIE PIE'

THE American Musical Theater Festival recently completed its third season in Philadelphia. For five weeks in September and October, there were productions in theaters and other performing spaces all across the city, ranging from the expensively produced premier of Duke Ellington's *Queenie Pie* in the huge Zellerbach Theater at the Annenberg Center to late-night cabaret at the Top of Centre Square, where the performers had to fight the self-absorbed buzz of the bar's regular Yuppie clientele. For someone who never set out to cover the festival, I managed to sample quite a few of the works.

Duke Ellington's name assured that *Queenie Pie* would attract wide press attention in and out of the city. An unfinished work, it was put into a shape of sorts by Maurice Peress (musical adaptation) and George C. Wolfe (libretto), presumably with the blessing and cooperation of Mercer Ellington. Despite the Ellington music, however, it was a lumpish show the night I saw it. It began as a one-act opera, commissioned for television but never produced, about a contest to choose the leading hairdresser in Harlem. Ellington later tried to expand it into a full-length "street opera" (quotation marks from the program) by inserting an extended dream sequence in which Queenie Pie is transported to a mystical island. The Harlem scenes are essentially satiric, mocking beauty contests, excessive hair styles, and publicity-induced celebrity, but they also want to celebrate Harlem in its heyday. The dream tries to continue the comedy by allowing Queenie Pie to impose Harlem values on the island people, and it *is* a funny idea that they cannot regain their ability to dance (their natural rhythm?) until she brings the curl back to their

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straightened hair. Unfortunately, the choreography through most of the show was leaden, and the funny idea remained an idea, unrealized either visually or musically. The sentimental heart of the libretto was the old show-business cliché about the star who had to choose between fame and happiness. Since Queenie Pie, who has won the contest for years, is challenged by a younger woman from New Orleans (Cafe O'Lay), and since she gives up success for love when she discovers that her imaginary prince is really her partner, Lil Daddy, the dramatic line is a case of the Masterbuilder meets the bluebird of happiness in your own backyard. Both the sentimental and the satiric elements demand a light touch which the show certainly lacked when I saw it. If it can shake off its heaviness as it goes on to Washington — and perhaps to New York — it may turn into the show the Ellington name deserves.

A MORE INTERESTING first production was that of *The Transposed Heads*, an adaptation of Thomas Mann's novella, which was co-sponsored by Lincoln Center Theater (where it played briefly). A collaboration of Julie Taymor (direction, puppets, masks), Sidney Goldfarb (book, lyrics) and Elliot Goldenthal (music), it is the retelling of an Indian legend about Sita and her two husbands and how their heads are severed and returned to the wrong bodies — a fable about the convergence and conflict of mind and body. In an interview in a festival publicity newspaper, Taymor comments on "the ironic view of Thomas Mann." The show could hardly be expected to achieve Mann's kind of irony, but it is one of the elements, along with a sense of ménage, embodied in the narrator. Rajika Puri, who was trained in classical Indian dance, played the part barefoot and wearing a man's formal morning dress (a mixture of East and West? of male and female?). She was impressive in voice and movement, particularly when she dropped her distancing story-teller's tone to become the goddess Kali. The other performers were less commanding and the music, Western but using Eastern instruments for occasional effects, was somewhat bland. Puri aside, the success of the piece lay in its puppets, both the caricatured holy men and the unarticulated but oddly expressive doll that represented the child of the ménage; and in the staging in front of and within a triangular enclosure, which became the shrine of Kali and echoes the sexual triangle of the story.

The most finished and rewarding production that I saw was *The Juniper Tree*, but it had the advantage of coming to Philadelphia after having played at the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge and the Houston Grand Opera. The music by Philip Glass and Robert Moran has the familiar throbbing repetition/variation sound of Glass under more conventional recitative and song which occasionally suggest Menotti. Arthur Yorinks's book closely follows the tale of the Brothers Grimm on which it is based; it lets the boy, chopped up and stewed in a sour broth by the wicked stepmother and eaten by his father, re-emerge as a bird from the juniper tree and drop a millstone on the woman's head. The opera's addition is that the real mother hovers around the action, in the person not only of the performer but of a life-sized doll riding a flying rocking chair, and at the end — as the single-parent family settles down to a more conventional dinner — she joins hands with the now hovering stepmother. A companion, adept at psycho-mythic interpretation, explained that the good mother and the evil mother had to merge to free the boy from his crippling complex, but I found myself beguiled by the way Jungian necessity looked like old-fashioned show-business schmaltz. The use of light, projections, mechanical devices, and all manner of theatrical niceties made the show more impressive visually than it was musically or mythically, but the elements mixed comfortably in *The Juniper Tree* as they did not in *The Transposed Heads* and *Queenie Pie*.

Of the cabaret performances I saw, William Bolcom and Joan Morris were predictably fine, performing their songs with the affection, wit, and clarity already familiar from their records; the marvelous Morris, with the spirited help of Bolcom's piano, managed to still the beasts at the bar. That was not the case with Bertilla Baker as *The Incurable Dorothy Parker*. She struggled gamely against the noise in the room, nor was she helped by Kirk Nurock's musical settings of Parker's verse, which were sometimes soft, sometimes blues-y and consistently wrong for Parker's small repertory of satiric devices.

Although not every event was a triumph, the cumulative effect of the many productions was testimony to the importance that the American Musical Theater Festival has achieved in its short life.

GERALD WEALES

Dan Liebert

Migraine

The minute-hand
dips and ascends,
the drawn shades hush
the afternoon light
and my mother lies
behind the blank door,
the sound of blood
tearing in her eyes
like paper.

This pain is not
a slapstick blow
to the Comic Mass
of the person,
but an exact needle
dragging a thread
of raveled nerve
stitching her
to the air.

And every event
of dropped pot-lid,
screen-door slam,
barking dog,
sears across
the flashpaper air
to hurt her.

I glimpse her thin shoulders
and the limp, pink gown
that smells of Sick Mother,
slipping to the bathroom
and then the brutal sound
of retching.

At night my father comes
with hands like blocks of
wood;
scrambling eggs
and burning bread—
a fellow exile
from the drowned, silent city
of the bedroom.

And later I am allowed
to enter and kiss
the amazing storm
of her forehead.

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Books: ENTERING THE PANTHEON

CHRISTIANITY AND THE WORLD RELIGIONS

Hans Küng, Joseph van Ess, Heinrich von Stietencron, and Heinz Bechert,
Doubleday, $19.95, 460 pp.

Denise Lardner Carmody

THERE are several things to fault in this newest ecumenical venture that Hans Küng has undertaken, but many more things to praise. For with three of his German university colleagues — Josef van Ess (Tübingen), Heinrich von Stietencron (Tübingen), and Heinz Bechert (Göttingen) — Küng has produced a series of solid responses to Islam, Hinduism, and Buddhism. The book derives both its format and most of its material from a dialogue that took place in the summer of 1982 at the University of Tübingen. The format is that the scholar of Islam or Hinduism or Buddhism lectures on a central aspect of that religion and Küng responds from a Christian viewpoint.

For each of the three religions there are four lectures by the designated scholar and four responses by Küng, so the book offers a hefty twenty-four different expositions. Küng also provides an Introduction and a Concluding Word, and for each religion there is a useful bibliography. The overall result is somewhat oxymoronic: a lofty primer. The best audience would be professional Christian theologians or laity well-versed in Christian theology who are relatively ignorant of Islam, Hinduism, and Buddhism and want an impression of how dialogue with those traditions might now proceed.

To indicate the level at which the chapters unfold and suggest the breadth of coverage, let me summarize the main topics. In laying out Islam, Josef van Ess deals with Islamic perspectives on Muhammad and the Qur'an (prophecy and revelation), with Sunnites and Shiites, with God-mysticism-man-society, and with Islam and the other religions (Jesus in the Qur'an). In the main, these expositions provide the information one would find in an advanced handbook. Küng's responses take him into such topics as the past Western bias against Islam, biblical criticism, religious law, secularism, women, the God of love, Muslim anti-trinitarianism, and Jesus as the Suffering Servant.

Van Ess, like the other three scholarly expositors, is a Westerner at home in both traditions and well able to clarify the foreign religion for a Western audience. Bechert, the expositor of Buddhism, is the only one of the three who occasionally shows an anti-Western bias, but on the whole the scholarly expositions of the three traditions are even-handed.

Küng also shows a nice touch, on the one hand criticizing traditional Western biases that have kept Europeans and Americans from appreciating the religious riches of other traditions, and on the other hand presenting Christianity in a positive (although sufficiently critical) light and showing some of the many problems that the Eastern religions have experienced. Küng's expositions also provide more information about the non-Christian religion under question, so he too is helping to educate Western readers.

Heinrich von Stietencron sketches the history of Hinduism, making the important point that it really is many different religions. He reviews Hindu notions of the cosmos and the deity, salvation and reincarnation, Hindu myths, Hindu rituals and meditational practices. Küng responds by dealing with the European fascination with Indian mysticism, the problem of creation, Christian counterviews on redemption and reincarnation, popular piety, and historical criticism. I found von Stietencron's materials the freshest in the book.

Hans Bechert treats the life and teaching of the historical Buddha, Buddhist perspectives on community *(sangha)* and early tradition (Theravada), the historical movement to Mahayana and Pure Land Buddhism, and modern Buddhist social thought. Küng compares the historical Buddha and the historical Jesus, discusses monastic and lay life, analyzes Buddhist "atheism" and the shift in paradigm brought by Mahayana. He also takes up the knotted questions of Buddhology (many metaphysical Buddhas) and meditation. The Concluding Word makes succinctly but well the case for interreligious dialogue.

The main thing to praise in this venture is the fact that it occurred and that essentially it was well carried out. A first-rank Christian theologian has taken the time to inform himself about three other religious traditions of world-historical importance and to dialogue seriously, in mutual criticism, with their main ideas. The three scholars who present the non-Christian traditions are fully competent.

The things to criticize include the translation by Peter Heinegg (although anyone willing to handle four Germans should get a lot of indulgence). There is many a too-long sentence, many an arid patch, and sexist language even in places where Küng is defending women. Second, the format made certain problems inevitable. The scholars propose and Küng disposes: there is no give-and-take, either in the sense of any actual conversation, or in the sense of the non-Christian position occasionally having a critical or responsive say to the Christian position. Third, it would have been better to have had Islamic, Hindu, and Buddhist theologians speak for themselves. Fourth, the general tenor is scholarly, cerebral, concerned almost wholly with ideas, and so in danger of misrepresenting how most Muslims, Hindus, and Buddhists actually live their religions.

Last, Küng's very virtues — interest in detail, historical skills, concern for balance — finally do him in. He is not sufficiently the systematic theologian to step back and put the whole together, in terms

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of a comprehensive view of revelation or grace. He doesn't know how to explain panentheism, or a high christology, or grace as a supernatural existential that would bring us to the radical level where divinity and humanity co-define all peoples' situations. So there are graces but not grace, insights but not a peaceful grasp of the whole. Still, once again Hans Küng is the first to the fire, and for that, as well as the many positive things in this book, I can only cheer him.

Choice & teasing the tastes

THE IMAGE MAKERS
William Meyers
Times Books, $16.95, 242 pp.

THE MIRROR MAKERS
Stephen Fox
Morrow, $17.95, 383 pp.

ADVERTISING
THE UNEASY PERSUASION
Michael Schudson
Basic Books, $17.95, 288 pp.

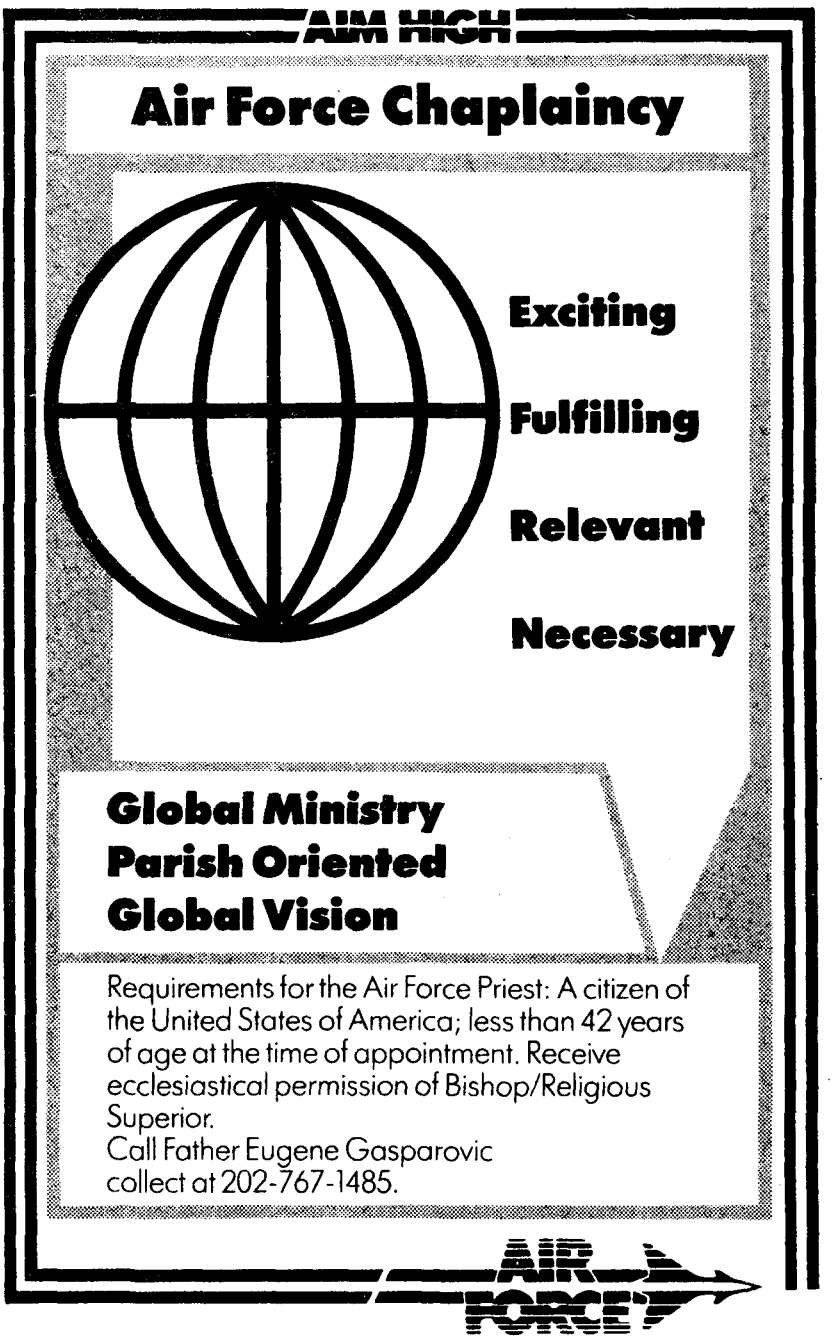
ADVERTISING
THE AMERICAN DREAM
Roland Marchand
University of California,
$27.50, 448 pp.

Ron Nahser

As an advertiser for over twenty years, I begin by thinking about you, the audience. I ask the basic question, "Why would readers of *Commonweal* want to read books about advertising?" The usual reason, I suspect, is to expand, update, and reinforce a generally unfavorable attitude toward this powerful economic force in our society. Who can forget the glory days when a Vance Packard *(The Hidden Persuaders, The Status Seekers)* or a John Kenneth Galbraith *(The Affluent Society)* could crystallize liberal suspicions of misplaced consumerism? And haven't even more radical critiques come from economists (Robert Heilbroner: "Advertising is the most destructive force in civilization"), historians (Christopher Lasch: "The anxious person is the ideal consumer"), and Christian moralists (Father John F. Kavanaugh's devastating attack, *Following Christ in a Consumer Society)?* What more can be expected from the latest crop of books on advertising?

Well, perhaps you are in for a disappointment. While the books under review are far from totally enamored of advertising, the authors are more *instructive* and, I think, more useful for that reason. Start with the most critical, *The Image Makers* by William Meyers.

Meyers quotes Vance Packard's *Hidden Persuaders* on the very first page, announcing that Packard's prophecy of three decades ago has largely come true, "Executives on Madison Avenue are manipulating consumers....If the advertising business is left unchecked, it will eventually run our lives." Meyers also agrees with Galbraith's estimate that if advertising suddenly vanished, the gross national product would shrink by over fifty percent. Why is this system of persuasion so successful? Because it rests on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one fundamental premise: target and exploit each group in society by finding its weaknesses and deep-seated emotional needs. The author cites Jerry Della Femina, a well-known practitioner, who says that advertising deals in the open sores of fear, greed, anger, and hostility.

Things will not change as a new generation of consumers arrives. It may be somewhat more difficult for advertisers to figure out what the Baby Boomers want. That is because this new segment puts a high premium on the "five I's": innovation, introspection, individuality, intellect, and integrity. However, says Meyers, it's only a matter of more tinkering to spot the Baby Boomers' vulnerabilities; advertisers will have them dancing to their tunes no less than previous generations.

This is Meyers's departure point for an intriguing history of how advertising has cracked the walls of consumer resistance over the decades. Particularly important to him is the way advertisers have had to dig deeper and deeper into the mind, most recently with the help of the powerful Values and Life Style (VALS) Analysis.

The rest of this book offers fascinating stories: Philip Morris's great success marketing cigarettes, soft drinks, and beer; Detroit's effort to rebound with different kinds of cars; the saga of McDonald's; marketing to women; developing the market for computers; and the growth of cable TV. The account is well written and informative for all those who would like to know how the ads they see everyday were actually created. Meyers concludes with the challenge facing advertising to conquer new markets. He has no doubts it will succeed.

Stephen Fox's book bears a title similar to Meyers's. *The Mirror Makers* is also filled with fascinating stories, focusing on advertising's early practitioners. Fox presents the professional self-criticism of pioneer advertisers like the ardent Catholic, Theodore MacManus, who wrote the "Penalty of Leadership" ad for Cadillac, once voted one of the three best ads ever written. In a 1928 *Atlantic Monthly*, MacManus wrote, "Advertising has gone amok in that it has mistaken the surface silliness for the same solid substance of an averagely decent human nature."

Moving into the fifties, Fox vividly recounts the discussion of philosophies of selling that went on between Ray Rubicam, Rosser Reeves (founder of the "Unique Selling Proposition" that brought us anvils pounding in skulls in order to sell Bayer Aspirin), and David Ogilvy.

In the end, the small difference between titles of the books by Fox and Meyers indicates a large difference in outlook. Fox concludes much more benignly that advertisers are not "hidden persuaders" pushing our unseen buttons in the service of a malevolent purpose. Rather, they are only producing an especially visible manifestation, good and bad, of the American way of life — *mirroring* the existing culture.

Michael Schudson's *Advertising: the Uneasy Persuasion*, which appeared only days before the Meyers book, covers much the same ground but with a perspective that differs from both Meyers's and Fox's. Schudson's subtitle reveals the difference: "Its Dubious Impact on American Society." Actually, Schudson's conclusion will surprise many people: advertising's heyday is over. Yes, it had tremendous impact in the twenties and thirties, but its role today is diminished.

Schudson's argument about the earlier period is certainly confirmed by Roland Marchand in *Advertising and the American Dream*. This is a beautiful book, filled with pertinent advertising examples and, page by page, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, packed with historical insights about the part advertising played in one of the most important changes in our society, namely the transition from rural to urban culture. Marchand traces carefully and colorfully how advertising changed in order to give consumers a better sense of what modern life could and should be.

Marchand, a historian, is also sympathetic to this effort. He points out, as an example, the way that advertisers and agencies wrestled with the questions of whether and how advertising should be placed on the new and intrusive medium, radio. Needless to say, despite early uncertainty and debate, the more pragmatic voices, in this case literally, won out.

Schudson, on the other hand, as a social scientist and student of luminaries like Daniel Bell and David Riesman, is interested in the current as well as the past impact of advertising on society. His basic point is that advertising now really works in a very small area of society and the economy. The job today is to get

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people to change their *brand* choice, not their *product* choice. Advertising, therefore, is not a war on consumers' minds but a competitive war among commercial rivals for a share in a market whose size is either constant or, if changing, shifting for reasons far beyond the power of advertising to affect.

Unlike Meyers, Schudson has much less faith in all the consumer research tools used to build advertising campaigns. Gut instincts of creative people are still the chief source of advertising effectiveness. And there are also other, more powerful forces at work in forming consumer decisions: price and personal testimony — word-of-mouth advertising — are much more important.

In my opinion, Schudson's most persuasive contribution to the debate is his insight that, while advertising may not be particularly effective, it does occupy consumers' minds with choices. This, in turn, leaves less time and energy for choices of other kinds. Advertising reduces the likelihood that we will think seriously about pollution, safety, poverty, and peace.

Schudson concludes by asking advertising people to put their proven persuasive talents to work in areas beyond the promotion of standard products. It is time, he feels, to study advertising not as part of a reflexive revulsion from the world of goods but in order to understand what place material things might hold in the good life and good society. Amen.

Schudson's views suggest another reason for reading these books besides the one of having our initial biases about advertising confirmed, denied, or brought up to date. When he states clearly that advertising only focuses on what consumers can choose among existing products, Schudson gets to the heart of the matter. We spend billions on filling people's minds with trivial concerns, working on their trivial motives, occupying them with trivial decisions. We affectively crowd out other more important matters. Successful within a narrow arena, we end up narrowing the vision of our vast audience to precisely those dimensions.

But a better use could be made of the same skills. They are, after all, basic. How often do we all fail to:

- define and understand our audience thoroughly?
- appeal to the real needs of that audience?
- use persuasive words and symbols?
- touch the emotions as well as the mind?
- offer some kind of evidence for our position?
- conclude by asking for specific action?
- measure the impact of our message, and adjust our efforts accordingly?

Whatever critics' inclinations toward advertising, it is seldom that they accuse the profession of making these elementary mistakes. Not everything advertising does can be applied outside its typical narrow focus on selling material products. But at least some considerable part of its success is based on the fact that it studies human nature and the dynamics of choice carefully and imaginatively — that it believes you can *learn* to communicate better.

There are lessons in these four books for anyone engaged in the competition of ideas; lessons that could be applied by bearers of any important message. Of course, if reading any of these books convinces you to go into the business, you'd better get John Caples's classic, *How to Make Your Advertising Make Money* (Prentice-Hall, 1983).

REVIEWERS

DENISE LARDNER CARMODY *is professor and chair of religion at the University of Tulsa where she also directs the Warren Center for Catholic Studies. Her most recent books are* Bonded in Christ's Love: An Introduction to Ecclesiology *(Paulist), and* Interpreting the Religious Experience: A World View *(Prentice-Hall).*

RON NAHSER, *president of Frank C. Nahser, Inc.-Advertising in Chicago, teaches business ethics at De Paul University.*

NEVILLE BRAYBROOK, *a British writer, educator, and critic, is presently at work on an autobiography.*

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Consequences & connections

PANDAEMONIUM

Humphrey Jennings
The Free Press, $17.95, 376 pp.

Neville Braybrooke

WHAT distinguishes *Pandaemonium* from previous books about the English Industrial Revolution is the range and diversity of material on which Humphrey Jennings draws. Apart from choosing familiar passages from some poets and novelists of the period, he relies predominantly on the witness of doctors, farm laborers, architects, engineers, the first aerial balloonists, actresses, scientists, prisoners, reformers, and notable visitors from abroad: among the latter are Marx and Engels as well as members of the Persian royal family. He prints, too, the transactions of various learned bodies that meet in London, and quotes from the *Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine*, from popular broadsheets of the day and from the *Times*. There are 372 texts in all, and between them he establishes often startling, or hitherto unnoticed, connections.

A tribute to the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse leads to a piece about Tom Paine: the link is the spread of the brotherhood of man. A passage about Scrooge follows an extract from Lord Shaftesbury's journal, dated Christmas Day, 1843: "Rose before six to prayer . . . Ah, blessed God, How many in the mills have risen at four, on this day even . . ."

In tracing the coming and the consequences of the Machine Age, Jennings brings to his task the art of a filmmaker and the vision of a poet — both of which he was. The technique that he employed so successfully in his wartime documentaries of allowing one sequence, or "image" as he referred to it, to prepare the way for the next, is repeated here. Nothing is seen in isolation.

The book opens with the lines from "Paradise Lost" where the fallen angels meet

> At *Pandaemonium*, the high Capital
> Of Satan and his peers . . .

There, under the leadership of Mammon — "the least erected spirit that fell from Heav'n" — they discuss the best ways to mine the metals buried deep in the bowels of Hell. Jennings, later in his book, presents another "aspect of Pandaemonium" — as described by Thomas Chalmers in June 1833. It is set in Huddersfield, and Chalmers, in a letter to his sister, recounts how an angry crowd burnt effigies of the local M.P. and the Factory Commissioners: the conflagration, he claims, illuminated the town-square and far beyond.

Images of hell — but a hell transported to this earth — recur in a number of the entries. Defoe, on a tour of Britain, writes of miners as inhabitants from "the dark Regions below," while Thomas Gray, in the Peak District, is put in mind of "daemons at work" when he watches men slaving at their forges. In 1784, a clergyman from Redruth is greatly alarmed when he sees his first locomotive and runs for his life convinced that this fiery monster is none other than "the Evil One *in propria persona*."

In the next century there are references to Manchester, with its factories swathed in a "devil's darkness." A contemporary observer in Morecambe in 1870 declares that the nearby furnaces send a vapor so dark into the sky that it seems to issue from "the nostrils of Satan." Herman Melville, during a visit to London, speaks of it as Dis — the city of "the damned." But this is only one way of looking at the capital. There is also London the great center of progress. When Fanny Kemble, in 1878, is taken to see men building a tunnel under the Thames, she hesitates to contemplate the final achievement of their endeavors lest it make her "too humanity proud." In contrast, in the same decade, Ruskin regrets the spread of the railways. When a line is built between Buxton and Bakewell, he laments the departure of the gods from the peaceful rocky valley:

> Now every fool in Buxton can be in Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton: which you think a lucrative exchange — you Fools everywhere.

Charles Kingsley has other thoughts about railways and the departure of the gods. Standing near Hungerford Bridge, in a fog, he sees the railway lines stretching away into infinite space, and is reminded of Jacob's Ladder, "one end on earth, and one in Heaven." A well-loved anonymous ballad of the time was called "The Railway to Heaven." The fourth verse went:

> One great first-class is used by all,
> For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
> There's room for all the world inside,
> And kings with beggars here do ride.

Although Humphrey Jennings never quite finished his book — he died in an accident in 1950 at the age of forty-three — he did leave sufficient instructions behind for its completion: these have been faithfully carried out by his elder daughter Mary-Lou Jennings, with the help of Charles Madge. The manuscript,

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repeatedly turned down for thirty-five years, began to acquire, among a small circle of the author's admirers, the reputation of a rejected masterpiece. The Free Press is to be congratulated on bringing it out — and so handsomely, too.

Among the notes which Jennings left for his Introduction, one reads: "The poets are the guardians of the Animistic system, the scientists of the Materialist one." By "animistic" is meant recognition of the soul (*anima*) — although, as this book illustrates, both systems overlap.

In an early entry Robert Hooke can be seen in 1662 preparing the way for the new science of meteorology, since when he writes about the sky, he no longer does so thinking of it as the home of the gods or God. He classifies the clouds as "*Checker'd*," "*Hazy*," or "*Water'd*." Yet despite this, on occasion, he still falls back on animistic language, and refers to "the Faces of the Sky" and its clouds being either "bearded" or "hairy." Likewise, although many late eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century scientists represented here write as if their investigations were being conducted solely *sub specie evolutionis*, they are, when seen in the full context of the book's linking commentaries, being conducted *sub specie aeternitatis*.

As an anthologist and part-anthropologist Jennings springs many surprises on his readers, showing how close sometimes can be the world of the poet and that of the scientist. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Blake was asked if he did not see the sun as a round disk somewhat like a guinea. "No, no," he replied, "I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' " One of the last items in *Pandaemonium* is a letter from the scientist T.H. Huxley to his son. It ends with these words: "I have had apocalyptic visions looking down Oxford Street at the sunset before now."

Correspondence

(Continued from page 610)

treatise on the "Leviathan" of the right to privacy.

Now, it's very interesting to note that the meaning of privacy is a complex and historically determined matter, as so many matters are (though Mr. Carlin tackles the subject with all the breezy profundity of a Will and Ariel Durant Reader.) But Mr. Carlin isn't content simply to remark on privacy's long history, he "rejoices" that "a blow has been struck against" it as a concept, as a principle, because it is "theoretically dubious" — whatever that means. Never mind that the Supreme Court has launched a fierce attack on the rights of all Americans to do what they like in private. For Mr. Carlin, if a principle comes to us with a much-debated history, it has no right to exist and must be abolished. With this reasoning, all "questionable" principles become vulnerable, such as those forbidding slavery, for example, or those opposing the sale of children for profit.

But the real meaning of this ruling should not be lost on *Commonweal* readers. The Court's decision is both a reactionary attack on the rights of homosexuals *and* a blow against the rights of all Americans to do whatever they wish behind closed doors. The decision is clearly part of a wide range of attacks on the basic civil liberties of American citizens which the Reagan administration and the Supreme Court have launched in the last few years. There is nothing at all "hysterical" about pointing this out — though, come to think of it, that might very well be a perfectly adequate response to this concerted effort to deny Americans their basic rights. (Mr. Carlin seems to believe that Supreme Court decisions are cool academic exercises rather than judgments with potentially disastrous consequences.)

Commonweal and David R. Carlin may be "of several minds" about the Hardwick matter, but some of us are still sticking single-mindedly to a few "old-fashioned" notions, such as the right to privacy. It is a pity that *Commonweal* has chosen to obfuscate the essential issues of this ruling in a deliberately muddled and demoralized piece.

RICHARD KAYE

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